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LORD SALISBURY'S ELECTION.

THE functions of a leader of Opposition in either House of Parliament furnish a curious illustration of the growth of institutions without legal or official sanction. The representative of a great party, though he has neither rank nor salary, is next in importance to a Minister. The Conservative leader of the House of Lords exercises a still more anomalous power, inasmuch as he commands and directs a permanent majority. It is desirable, though not indispensable, that he should be an effective debater; and it is necessary that he should possess the qualities of a statesman. In politics, as in other departments of human activity, it is convenient that deliberate choice should coincide with natural selection. With the possible exception of Lord CAIRNS, Lord SALISBURY has, in the House of Lords and in his own party, no competitor in ability or energy, and few who have equal experience in public affairs. He represents the feelings and instincts of the Conservative aristocracy more fully than the eminent lawyer who for a short time acted as leader in the House of Lords. If his formal nomination had been adjourned, Lord SALISBURY would probably have soon asserted his claim to the position which he will now occupy by general consent. A letter written many years ago by Lord BEACONSFIELD on the mode of designating a Parliamentary leader has been opportunely published. His own ascendancy, which was afterwards officially and universally recognized, was neither caused nor at any time sanctioned by the formal choice of his followers. He truly says that Lord STANLEY, afterwards Lord DERBY, had nothing to do with his appointment. He might have added, that for some time the leader of the party in the House of Lords made strenuous efforts to repress the ambition of an unwelcome colleague. At a Conservative meeting in Liverpool, when Mr. DISRAELI had already proved himself the inevitable successor of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, Lord DERBY affected to hesitate as to the name which he should associate with the toast of the House of Commons, and ultimately selected Mr. DISRAELI to return thanks as one of several candidates. It was by fighting in the front rank, and eventually in advance, that the leader who was destined to retain the post longer than any predecessor first established his title.

The relation between the respective leaders of the two Houses varies with circumstances from perfect equality to the subordination of a secondary colleague. The direction of the policy of the party in the House of Commons is the more important function, except in the limited number of cases in which the second House reverses the decision of the first. Lord SALISBURY will exercise a paramount influence in the choice which must from time to time be made between acquiescence in distasteful measures and resistance which cannot be often repeated or indefinitely prolonged. The every-day conduct of Parliamentary business will be regulated by Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE, not in virtue of any claim of superiority, but because he sits in the more powerful Assembly. The Duke of RICHMOND must have intended to record the general understanding among the Conservative peers when he stated that the appointment of Lord SALISBURY would not constitute him leader of the party. The absolute or relative influence which he may acquire will depend on causes which are independent of any formal selection. Only two or three years ago the facility of conducting an Opposition by two leaders of equal rank was illustrated by the cordial

co-operation of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON. If they at any time differed in opinion, they were too prudent to admit the outer world to their confidence; and there is every reason to believe that they acted together in perfect harmony. Their comparative rank in the party was so difficult to define that, when the Opposition succeeded to office, Lord BEACONSFIELD, in advising the QUEEN as to his successor, apparently regarded Lord HARTINGTON as the recognized leader; and Lord HARTINGTON suggested a reference to Lord GRANVILLE. As soon as the real and inevitable chief of the party repudiated his own self-denying ordinance, no hesitation was felt in recognizing his paramount claim. There is no reason why Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE should not concert their policy where a distinct understanding is necessary, and in their independent action recognize the same general principles. Forty years ago the conduct of Opposition in the two Houses was managed under much greater difficulties. Lord LYNTHURST, who disliked PEEL, and sometimes formed schemes for supplanting him, on several occasions defeated Government measures in the House of Lords which the head of the party had allowed to pass the House of Commons; yet the Opposition became every day more formidable till the Government of Lord MELBOURNE was overthrown. If Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE at any time differ, it is certain that neither will descend to intrigue against his colleague.

Lord SALISBURY has sometimes been accused of pugnacity; but it would be more accurate to say that he is disposed to fight in earnest. The principal risk connected with the gift of sarcasm and invective is that formidable weapons sometimes leave too deep a wound. In debate it is often, though not always, prudent to remember, in accordance with the ancient precept, that an enemy may possibly hereafter become a friend. There is no reason to doubt that Lord SALISBURY will appreciate the responsibility of speaking for a great party as well as for himself. Large and accomplished intellects are not prone to mannerism or to running in uniform grooves. A mastery of language supplies the means of expressing strong arguments in a courteous and inoffensive form. Lord SALISBURY's literary cultivation has given him a style which, both in speech and writing, is at the same time copious and correct. The greatest orator of the present day becomes confused and awkward as soon as he begins to write, though he is an experienced, and indeed a voluminous, author. Lord SALISBURY has no equal among colleagues or opponents in the difficult art of composing State-papers. The Circular which he published on his accession to the Foreign Office was, if credible report may be trusted, produced at a single sitting; and its only defect was that it was too conclusive. The same quality of vigour and clearness may be discerned in Lord SALISBURY's speeches; but it is, perhaps, superfluous to vindicate ability which is not disputed even by adverse critics.

Some of those who profess to have studied Lord SALISBURY's character and opinions have, perhaps through a love of paradox, maintained that he has a vein of Liberalism in his moral and intellectual constitution. The predilection, if it exists, has not been publicly disclosed; but it is probable that a powerful and original mind may not confine itself to the commonplaces and narrow traditions of a party. With average politicians, though they may share his opinions, Lord SALISBURY, perhaps, feels an imperfect

sympathy. Able and thoughtful men are liable to a kind of irritation at the unsound arguments which are used in support of their own conclusions. There is little in the circumstances of the time to encourage any democratic tendency which may be associated with a general dislike of change. Revolutionary doctrines are every day more openly proclaimed, and they are for the first time finding their way into legislation. Resistance may not eventually succeed, but the task of attempting to preserve the institutions of the country may well excite a noble ambition. The object is assuredly not to be attained by systematic collision with superior force. Tact and patience, and sympathy with anything which may be good in suggested changes, are as indispensable as courage. Sir ROBERT PEEL, when he first became Prime Minister, caused some amusement by the solemn declaration that he was ready to reform proved abuses; but he afterwards exemplified his meaning, with the result of disarming his most restless adversaries. The conditions of Conservative opposition have since become far more unfavourable; but, on the other hand, the modern leaders of the party have some advantages. The great majority of the upper and middle classes are already united with them in opinion, though not always by avowed political connexion. They may also feel confident of the virtual sympathy of a large section of the Liberal community, and of some of its chief representatives. A coalition may not be imminent, nor is it immediately desirable; but no obstacle ought to be unnecessarily placed in the way of eventual union. All the forces of order and justice may perhaps be insufficient; but they should be organized and prepared.

THE MARRIAGE AT VIENNA.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of AUSTRIA to the Princess STÉPHANIE of Belgium has been celebrated with brilliant success, in fine weather, among an enthusiastic people, and with all the pomp and dignity for which the Austrian Court has long been celebrated. To the achievement of such a success two things are needed. There must be the persons to excite or feel the appropriate sentiments of loyalty, admiration, and delight, and there must be a most distinct and careful arrangement beforehand of everything that is to take place. The Imperial Family is liked throughout Austria and is adored in Vienna. The bride was young and fair and was already an Austrian through her mother. The CROWN PRINCE has not had many opportunities of making himself known, but he has behaved himself as well as a young man of twenty-three can do when he has in any way come before the public. The grandson of the German EMPEROR is his intimate friend, and the PRINCE OF WALES came to do honour to a marriage which unites a relation of his own to the only Court which can rival that of England. Deputations from Hungary, from the other provinces, and even from Bosnia, came to lay their tribute of good wishes at the feet of the heir of the throne. All, or almost all, the great historic families of Austria were represented. As for the populace of Vienna, it was wild with happiness, and took its holiday as no other populace can—endless illuminations, endless cheering, beer, sausages, and vast crowds, without a policeman or a drunkard among them. Then, every possible effort had been made to give high and low enough to do and enough to see, and yet secure that all should pass off without a hitch and without delay. On Saturday the bridegroom and bride attended a State ball in the Hofburg. On Sunday there was a great popular festival. On Monday was brought in state from Schönbrunn to the Theresianum, an educational establishment from which all Imperial brides since the days of MARIA THERESA have started to make their entry into Vienna. On Tuesday the marriage was performed by the Archbishop of PRAGUE. Every detail of every part of this protracted ceremonial had been provided for. It is, indeed, obvious that every detail of great State ceremonies must be thought over and settled, or something would go wrong. But in Austria there is a more than usual minuteness of regulation, or, at any rate, a more than usual explicitness in announcing what was to be done. The programme of the ceremony filled many columns of a newspaper, and the Viennese were informed days in advance precisely how the Royal couple would comport themselves, when they would stand up, when they would bow, and when they would

kneel. If the people took much trouble to please the Court, the Court also took much trouble to please the people. Royalty in these days is one of the most hardworking of callings. What it has to do may not be distasteful, but it is certainly laborious; and among hardworking Royal personages few are so active as the father and the cousin of the bride. The labours of the King of the BELGIANS are, to a certain extent, self-imposed, for he is always going out of his way to promote some scheme for human welfare. But, at any rate, he carries out his abiding idea that even the King of a small State must exert himself if he is to be worthy of a crown. The PRINCE OF WALES has the incontestable merit of always being where he is wanted. No sooner is he back from St. Petersburg than he is off to Vienna. In her new home the bride will find that hard work is a matter not so much of choice as of necessity. An Emperor of Austria, in modern days, has, no doubt, many pleasant relaxations, but he must work hard or his Empire would go to pieces.

The Archduke RUDOLF, Crown Prince of Austria, was born in 1858, so that his short life dates back to the time when the civil commotions of the Empire had been terminated by measures which certainly did not err on the side of leniency, and when the military misfortunes of the Empire had not begun. When he was in his cradle, his father was looking on the frightful slaughter of Solferino; and when he was just out of the nursery, he heard that all was lost at Sadowa. While he has been growing up the whole character of the Empire has been changed. Austria has been pushed out of Italy by France, and out of Germany by Prussia. Her face is set eastwards by the force of circumstances, and by the will of Prince BISMARCK. She is reconciled to Hungary, and is a constitutional country, not in name, but in reality. What chiefly concerns the CROWN PRINCE is that the result of all these changes has been to increase very largely the personal influence of the Emperor of AUSTRIA. To have been beaten in battle after battle, and to have had a Constitution forced on him, and to have had to accept the strange system of a Dual Government at the hands of subjects who openly threatened to league themselves with his enemies, seem curious methods of strengthening the power of an Emperor. But the very circumstances that shook the cohesion of Austria made some centre of cohesion indispensable; and in Austria no other centre of cohesion was left except the EMPEROR himself. The German, the Magyar, the Slav, and the Pole, all see in the EMPEROR something beyond and above the Empire to which they belong. They all feel that they have a friend whom it is possible to reach; and to have inspired this feeling, to have fostered it, and to have made it stronger to-day than it was ten or five years ago, is not only a great triumph to the EMPEROR, but is an indication of qualities which, within their range, are not only admirable, but approach to greatness. And when his son comes to inquire how this most unsuccessful of Emperors has also been in his way most successful, he will find that there is one special point in the EMPEROR's character which has always called forth the warmest recognition on the part of those who have known him best. He is true to the persons with whom he works. The EMPEROR has often had to change his advisers; for he has had very different circumstances to deal with, he has had very different policies to carry out, and, in the course of a troubled life, he has had very much to learn. But while he works with a man he trusts him, listens to him, and encourages him. He does not sulk or suspect; he does not intrigue or countermine; and it is this that has won him the confidence and the respect he now enjoys.

The Princess STÉPHANIE was born in 1864; and, as her grandfather died towards the end of 1865, she can scarcely recollect the great founder of the Belgian monarchy. The only very sad event of her father's reign, the widowhood and madness of her aunt, the unfortunate Empress CHARLOTTE, occurred when the PRINCESS was too young to understand what was happening. Her childhood has been spent in the unruffled peacefulness of quiet Belgium. Her memory can at the utmost only carry her back to the sad days when there was a great war just beyond the Belgian border, and her great-great uncles and cousins of the House of ORLEANS once more made themselves heard of in the world. Politics can have troubled her young mind little as yet, and it may be hoped that it will be long before they begin to trouble her

as the partner of the cares of an Emperor. But, at any rate, if she ever has anything to do with politics, if only to watch them with the interest of a wife, she has the advantage of having come from a good school. Her grandfather made not only the Belgian monarchy, but Belgium itself, and her father has continued the task, and, what is specially important, has continued it in the same way. There are many—perhaps most—monarchies of which it may be said that the King is indispensable to the people in the sense that the nation has monarchical institutions and is not fit for any other. But of some monarchies it may be said that they seem to require for their existence not only a sovereign but a sovereign of a special and characteristic type. The German Empire is bound together, so far as it really is bound together, not only by having the Royal Family of Prussia at its head, but because the Royal Family of Prussia has qualities, traditions, and aptitudes which exactly fit it to lead Germany. It is too much to say this at present of the Imperial Family of Austria, for the Emperor is the first Emperor of the new Austria that has been created in his time, and if he seems now to present the type which suits the Austria of to-day, it remains to be seen whether the type can be perpetuated. But of Belgium it may be certainly said that it is what it is, not only because it is a monarchy, but because its monarchy has been of a peculiar type, which has been manifesting itself and acting on the nation for half a century. It is not only that the King, whether father or son, has been moderate, impartial, and sensible, a good constitutionalist, watching over and moderating the continual storms in his teacup of a Constitution, but he has made Belgium and Europe feel that he was more of a man and a king, of larger views and broader sympathies, than the Belgians could reasonably have expected to get. The Royal Family of Belgium has managed to make itself much thought of in Europe, and the bride, if she is proud of her new home, may also feel entitled to be proud of the home from which she came.

THE MONUMENT TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE fear that Mr. GLADSTONE might be prevented by his indisposition from proposing the erection of a monument to Lord BEACONSFIELD was fortunately unfounded. By universal consent he discharged the duty which he had imposed on himself with faultless taste and judgment. Equal praise might justly be awarded to Lord GRANVILLE, except that on personal grounds his task was less difficult. In both Houses the movers and seconders carefully abstained from attempting to justify the motion on political grounds. The earnest regard for English honour and greatness which Lord SALISBURY selected for eulogy is, at least in the House of Lords, not regarded as a crime. As Lord SALISBURY eloquently said, the strength of Lord BEACONSFIELD's patriotic feeling was recognized by many of those who had no connexion with the policy which he pursued. Lord GRANVILLE recounted his singular experience in having heard the first speech and the last of his life-long opponent. In both cases he added to a well-known story interesting details. In Lord GRANVILLE's judgment Mr. DISRAELI's maiden speech possessed sufficient merit to have commanded applause if the speaker had then been known to the House of Commons. In the present Session Lord BEACONSFIELD sent a message to Lord GRANVILLE in the middle of the debate on Afghanistan to the effect that he must speak at once. His determination had the effect of disturbing the customary order of debate, and the Ministerial leader complained of an inconvenience which then seemed to have been unnecessarily caused. It was afterwards known that Lord BEACONSFIELD was only enabled to take part in the debate by the use of drugs which for the time soothed a violent pain. It was only of late years that Lord GRANVILLE had been brought into direct relations of political antagonism with Lord BEACONSFIELD. There was never any bitterness of feeling in their contests; and indeed Lord GRANVILLE, with the effect, though wholly without the purpose, of paying a compliment to himself, acknowledged that he had been treated with uniform fairness and courtesy by successive leaders of the Conservative party, and by none more than by Lord BEACONSFIELD. There are some persons, and Lord GRANVILLE is one of them, whom it would be difficult to treat with conscious unfairness or with deliberate discourtesy. Lord GRAN-

VILLE had few political opinions in common with Lord BEACONSFIELD; but they must have had many points of sympathy; and, if in nothing else, they resembled one another in freedom from prejudice and in equability of temper.

In the House of Lords it was unnecessary to prove by argument the propriety of the proposed honour. The cordiality with which the motion was received was neither increased nor diminished by the circumstance that Lord BEACONSFIELD had not been born in the purple. The smoothness with which, in Lord GRANVILLE's words, the portals of that Assembly roll back before distinguished men is so complete that they enter at once on full equality with their hereditary colleagues. It would have been well if the bitterness of party feeling in the House of Commons could have been suspended, so as to allow of the vote being passed with similar unanimity. Mr. GLADSTONE had to meet or anticipate an opposition which was happily feeble; and he also, not unnaturally, took occasion to vindicate his own consistency. He was perfectly right in attaching importance to strict conformity with precedent and usage. As he justly said, laxity in such matters, and additions to established practice made under the influence of feeling, tend to produce future embarrassment. It was sufficient for his purpose to quote the language in which Lord JOHN RUSSELL moved for the erection of a monument to Sir ROBERT PEEL. In that case, as in the present, the Minister of the day had been for many years the rival and the opponent of the deceased statesman; and, although it happened that at the close of his life Sir ROBERT PEEL had given independent support to the Government, he had never joined the party which it represented. Indeed, PEEL's last speech had been delivered in support of the vote of censure on Lord PALMERSTON in the celebrated PACIFIC debate. Before 1846 Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord JOHN RUSSELL had during nearly forty years seldom voted on the same side in a division. At a much earlier time a monument was erected to CHATHAM by a Parliament in which his political opponents had large majorities. On the American war, which then engrossed universal attention, he agreed with the Opposition in both Houses. The expediency of the monument was, in fact, questioned in the House of Lords, and it was known to be extremely distasteful to the King; but Parliament and the country almost unanimously recognized his greatness. The protest of FOX and WINDHAM against the honour conferred on the memory of PITT was not deserving of imitation, and it is possible that they opposed the motion with the less reluctance because they knew that it would be carried by an overwhelming majority. Fox, at least, ought to have distrusted his own judgment when he recalled the bitter personal animosity which he had felt to his successful rival.

If concurrence in political opinion were the test of the claim to posthumous honours, they would lose all their value. On the death of a conspicuous statesman the question whether his memory should be recorded would be decided by the mere process of counting heads. If he belonged to the party which at the time was in a minority in the House of Commons, no personal merits and no public services would avail to secure him due recognition. It is also possible that the House of Lords might refuse a monument to a Liberal statesman in resentment for similar intolerance of Conservative merit on the part of the House of Commons. If no such objection were raised, a Minister who happened to die in office would be entitled almost as a matter of course to the distinction of a monument. It may, of course, be contended that the politician who best serves his country is the proposer or supporter of useful measures; but when the merits of different systems of legislation are compared, the issue once more turns on comparison of numbers. The statesman who raises or maintains at a high level the standard of political ability and performance also deserves well of the country. Mr. GLADSTONE declared that Lord BEACONSFIELD "had sustained a great historic part, and done great deeds written on the page of Parliamentary and national history." It is right that effigies in bronze and marble should record the same qualities which excite general interest and admiration. For the second time since the death of Lord BEACONSFIELD, Mr. GLADSTONE reminded the House that the Minister whom he had himself consistently and vehemently opposed had in his foreign policy acted strictly within constitutional limits. Lord BEACONSFIELD then, as Mr.

GLADSTONE now, was supported by a large majority in Parliament; and he had a technical right to do what the House of Commons thought fit to be done. The expediency, and even the morality, of his measures must be judged by other standards; but the nation cannot repudiate or disavow the exploits to which, through its representative, it has once been a party. Mr. GLADSTONE must have strongly disapproved the factious efforts of pamphleteers to represent Lord BEACONSFIELD'S constitutional supremacy as a usurpation of the Crown. Perhaps his condemnation of the fallacy is more severe because he wishes to reserve to himself the right of condemning the last Parliament as well as the Government which it supported.

Of the sour partisanship which inspired the minority little need be said. Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, whose language was not offensive, could only expand the erroneous proposition that a Minister cannot be dissociated from his policy. He admitted that two opposite judgments might be formed on Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy; and that the ultimate judgment must rest with posterity. Even posterity may not necessarily be agreed, for there are still strong differences of opinion as to the policy of PITT and FOX, and even as to HAMPDEN and CROMWELL. It is nearly certain that posterity will not erect statues in honour of Ministers who may be imperfectly remembered. It would have been a cause for regret if there had been any serious difference of opinion on the present proposal. The rejection or grudging acceptance of the motion would have rendered the commemoration of great men hereafter difficult or impossible. As long as Parliamentary government exists in England there will be hostile parties, and neither will be disposed to allow the other a monopoly of monumental honours. Few Englishmen admire the practice which prevails in some foreign countries of obliterating on each successive change in the form of government the monuments and inscriptions which commemorate the former predominance of another political system. The same spirit instigates the factious jealousy which regards as criminal the assertion of unpalatable political opinions. Mr. GLADSTONE, more wisely and more generously, wishes to preserve the landmarks of national history. At some future time controversy on his own claim to the gratitude of his countrymen may perhaps be rendered unnecessary by his clear exposition of the principle which determines the award of national honours.

MR. BRADLAUGH.

THOSE doubtless sincere friends of the Conservative party who, while professing themselves strong Liberals, reiterate their desire for a strong and well-led Opposition, must have been very much gratified by the proceedings in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH on Tuesday. This year, as last year, the Government, having got themselves into a difficulty by their half-hearted advocacy of Mr. BRADLAUGH'S claims, apparently determined to get themselves out of it by a policy of masterly inaction. Forced out of that, they took refuge in the attempt to smuggle their *protégé* into the House by a measure the discussion of which was to be strictly limited to morning sittings. This intention again was frustrated by the determined opposition of the House of Commons, an opposition which seemed not unlikely to turn Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite description of himself and his friends as the minority from a playful piece of irony into an actual fact. There was but one weapon left by which the Government might hope to avoid the consummation from which they seem to shrink, the necessity of having to make Mr. BRADLAUGH'S admission a definite and avowed part of their legislative programme, as much favoured in the way of allotment of Government time and Government advocacy as any other part. Mr. BRADLAUGH might bully the House as he bullied it last year, Mr. GLADSTONE might in the same way refuse assistance, the odium of incarceration might once more be thrown on Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, and so the House might be induced to efface and stultify itself, as it effaced and stultified itself last year. If this ingenious device failed, it was not owing to any want of concert or punctuality on the part of the two chief parties to the proceeding. Mr. BRADLAUGH duly delivered his assault, Mr. GLADSTONE duly ignored the SPEAKER'S appeal for assistance. But, instead of suggesting the Clock Tower, Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE simply suggested a proceeding which was so obvious and necessary a conse-

quence of previous votes that Mr. GLADSTONE could offer no objection to it, and even the malcontents below the gangway saw that resistance was useless. The exclusion of Mr. BRADLAUGH from the precincts of the House during ill behaviour cannot be pretended to be even a stretch of the House's authority. It is as direct and legitimate an exertion of its prerogative as his inclusion in the Clock Tower or in Newgate would be. Instead of including him in either of these two places, the House included him in space—all space, that is to say, outside its own precincts. The person whom Mr. GLADSTONE and the electors of Northampton delight to honour became, in consequence of the resolution, perhaps as pertinent an example of the phrase "a prisoner at large" as has ever been created or imagined.

Mr. BRADLAUGH'S letter of protest does not perhaps display the ability with which his friends are wont to credit him, and which his enemies have hitherto been content to allow. The amateur practice of the legal profession seems to have produced a curious twist in Mr. BRADLAUGH'S mind—a twist to which, indeed, some reference was made in a recent judgment. He objects to being hindered from performing his duties and exercising his rights, not, apparently, remembering that misconduct of all sorts and kinds is constantly inflicting on many of his fellow-citizens, from the order larcenous to the order murderous, temporary or permanent inability to perform duties and exercise rights quite as indubitable as his. The convict under sentence of death cannot vote for Mr. BRADLAUGH; the father of a family at hard labour cannot perform his undoubted duties to his children. Mr. BRADLAUGH therefore should have directed his protest, not to the effects of his sentence, but to its justice. He has so far shown ingenuity that he has not, like some of his injudicious partisans, used the word "illegal." It is not such a proof of ingenuity that he has in the very words of his protest against his exclusion practically admitted its legality. "The privileges of the House itself," he says, "render it impossible for me to submit the question to a court of law"—that is to say, the House, in its conduct to Mr. BRADLAUGH, has simply been exercising its undoubted privilege, and no exercise of an undoubted privilege can be illegal. The distinction in such cases between "illegal" and some vaguer words dear to orators is usually impressed upon students of constitutional history and law at an early age. A considerable number of persons appear to have been robbed of their education in this particular respect, and among them is Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Sir WILFRID, not taking heed to his friend's judicious choice of language, immediately after that language had been read to the House, gave notice of his intention to move last night that the Resolution was "illegal"—an intention which the SPEAKER'S expression of opinion on Thursday may have made him regret.

The House has stultified itself once before in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH. It may be worth while to point out, however, that such faint excuses as existed last year do not exist now. Then the House believed, or made as though it believed, that the courts of law might possibly get it out of its difficulty. The alternative between daily hustling on the floor between Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Serjeant-at-Arms and the retention of the elect of Northampton in the Clock Tower as a kind of unholy marabout or dervish, a centre of Radical pilgrimages and a focus of Radical agitation, may have been terrifying to weak nerves. The refusal of the Government to do anything whatever in the matter may have bewildered others. From the moment of the acceptance of Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE'S motion on Tuesday the major part of these dangers vanished; while, on the other hand, the Government had already signified their intention to bring in a BRADLAUGH Relief Bill, and the only question between them and the House was whether they should bring it in at the back or at the front door. Mr. GLADSTONE'S announced intentions of making some new arrangement in consequence of the opposition to morning sittings was not speedily carried out, possibly because the PRIME MINISTER was waiting to see the effect of the final rush which Mr. BRADLAUGH manned against the House on Tuesday. It would be a singular disrespect to the assembly and a singular confession of feebleness if Mr. GLADSTONE accepted Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S well-meant attempt to help him and Mr. BRADLAUGH. The unauthorized publication of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S letter to a country clergyman must have added not a little to the difficulties of the Govern-

ment. Their highest law officer sees, he tells us, no possibility of refusing to extend the option to affirm to all scrupulous infidels. It is thus a case of conscience with Lord SELBORNE, and, as he informs us that he has never had the slightest difference with his colleagues on this point, it is evidently a case of conscience with them too. No explanation of the apparent reluctance of the Cabinet to relieve their consciences in this particular point, in a less roundabout manner than they have hitherto striven to do, suggests itself very readily. Perhaps it may be that the calls—Irish, African, Indian, and so forth—on their consciences are so many and urgent that a roster has had to be established. Such a settlement as Sir WILFRID LAWSON offered would, however, obviously not satisfy even the toughest conscience in the Cabinet. Mr. BRADLAUGH is, indeed, magnanimously indifferent to the means by which he obtains his rights and is enabled to perform his duties. He will swear anything and everything just as anybody pleases. That has apparently been the attitude of the Government also. Let him add a vote to their tale, that is the real question. But Lord SELBORNE's letter throws an entirely new light upon the matter. Not Mr. BRADLAUGH personally, but the possible scrupulous atheist of the future, is the object of their care. They have certainly dissembled that object hitherto with a good deal of skill and success; but it now stands fully revealed. Such proposals as Sir WILFRID LAWSON's, independently of their intrinsic inconvenience, are curious methods of dispensing the even-handed and exalted justice which Lord SELBORNE praises in a manner worthy of his high office, though on an occasion nearly as curious as these methods themselves. Every action, committed or omitted, of the Government up to the present time has had not merely an appearance, but a direct purport, happily described by a phrase slightly altered from one with which Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, in his instructive way, gratified the House in reference to another matter on Wednesday, "The HORNE 'TOOKE Act was a scandal being dictated by antipathy to a 'single individual.'" The proposed BRADLAUGH Act, and still more the motions and resolutions which at different times Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and other friends of Mr. BRADLAUGH's have proposed or supported, are, we presume, in the same way scandals being dictated by sympathy with a single individual. It is not surprising that the House up to yesterday should have pretty constantly declined to connive at this scandal. Any change of conduct on its part cannot be too much deprecated or regretted.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A CHANGE of Ministry in a colony of the second rank is not an interesting occurrence; and in ordinary times the substitution of Mr. MOLTENO for Mr. SPRIGG as Colonial Secretary at the Cape would scarcely receive even passing notice. On the present occasion, it is possible that the success of the Opposition in the Cape Parliament may have some bearing on the more important affairs of the Transvaal. The victory which Mr. SPRIGG obtained in the division on the vote of censure seems to have been accidental; or perhaps the majority was pledged to approval of the Basuto war. The late Ministerial reverse was not caused by caprice, or by a change in the issue submitted to the Assembly, but by the secession of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL from the Government. During his three years' tenure of office Mr. SPRIGG has shown commendable energy and considerable ability. He first owed his appointment to Sir BARTLE FRERE, who, with accurate discernment of the state of Colonial opinion at the time, dismissed Mr. MOLTENO and appealed to the constituencies. Confusion of mind caused by inveterate prejudice can alone account for the allegation that Sir BARTLE FRERE's intervention was unconstitutional. The constituencies exercised their undoubted right in confirming the decision of the High Commissioner. Then and afterwards Sir BARTLE FRERE possessed a popularity and influence which is rarely attained by a governor of an English colony, and a majority was consequently returned to support his policy and the Administration of his choice. Afterwards, Mr. SPRIGG had to depend on his own resources, and he has met with tolerable success. From time to time he thought it necessary to profess that jealous provincial patriotism which gratifies the self-esteem of colonists. He declined

to receive suggestions from the Imperial Government as to the manner of dealing with the natives, and he undertook the disarmament which produced the war in defiance of the advice and the warnings of the Colonial Office. He was probably supported by local feeling in his refusal to ask or accept military assistance from England; but the Dutch part of the population seems to have disapproved the war, and their antagonism may perhaps have become more decided since the outbreak in the Transvaal. The constitution of the new Ministry seems to indicate the share which divisions of race and language have had in the change of Government. The predominance of the English element is only desirable so far as it furnishes a security for the continuance of friendly relations with the Imperial Government. The new Government represents chiefly the Dutch element as it prevails in the Western province. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who is now necessarily absent from his post, would, even if he had been on the spot, have exercised no effectual control over the selection of his future advisers. He has had long experience in colonial administration and diplomacy, and he will probably contrive to avoid collisions with the Ministry.

As President of the Transvaal Commission he has a much more difficult task. It is not known whether the Boers in general share the wish for peace which is professed, and perhaps felt, by their ostensible leaders. There is no reason to expect that they will agree to the surrender of any part of the territory which they claim, whether or not it has been reduced to possession. Any promise of protection to loyal English subjects will be merely verbal, and may probably have no effect when the English troops are finally withdrawn from the neighbouring provinces. The natives will practically be left to the mercy of the Boers, unless they are strong enough to defend themselves. It is more than doubtful whether it will be prudent to establish a protectorate over the natives, even if the representatives of the Transvaal assent to such an arrangement. Outrages will certainly occur on one side or on both, with the result of involving the English Government either in a quarrel which it will not have provoked, or in another tame surrender of rights and duties. The Boers would hold the protecting or suzerain Power responsible for every native inroad; and, on the other hand, the natives would appeal to the Government which they still trust for defence against the encroachments of the Transvaal settlers. Some English politicians, including at least one member of the present Government, maintained long before the rebellion that the Imperial Government could not justly or honourably abdicate the function which it had once for all assumed of securing the natives against oppression; but the object could only be attained by maintenance of English rule. Remonstrances addressed by an English Resident to the Government of the Boer Republic would be treated with contempt, unless they were backed by a force of which he will not dispose. The withdrawal of a claim to protect some hundreds of thousands of people, who were lately English subjects, will be only one among many humiliations which have illustrated that quality of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government which their admirers describe as magnificent courage. Radical writers and speakers sneer at the demand for protection or compensation which is preferred by English settlers and traders who relied in vain on Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's authorized declaration that English sovereignty would never be withdrawn. The sufferers are insolently denounced as speculators or selfish adventurers who must take the consequences of their own rashness. It is in the prosecution of precisely similar enterprises that the English race has spread itself over a large part of the surface of the globe; but Lord PALMERSTON's *civis Britannicus*, who, indeed, was at the time indignantly denounced by Mr. GLADSTONE, has lost his franchise, or rather it has become valueless. The rights of coloured races, though perhaps more doubtful, are not so easily sacrificed without infringement of democratic cant or tradition.

The threats of a native war against the Boers on the withdrawal of the English authorities may, perhaps, be exaggerated by the reporters; and such a conflict, if it really impends, is not to be regarded with complacency. Whatever may be the temporary vicissitudes of fortune, the civilized belligerent will ultimately prevail, and the disasters which might diversify success will probably be ascribed to English instigation. It is not improbable

that in the unsettled parts of the country, English adventurers may, in case of war, take the opportunity of avenging the flagrant wrongs of their countrymen; and the presence of a few white leaders among native bands would be represented as a proof of the complicity of the English Government. The opportunity of profiting, to the benefit of all parties concerned, by the hostility between the Boers and the Caffre tribes was sacrificed at the time of the premature annexation. It was as mediators, or, in case of need, as defenders of the white population against barbarism that the English ought to have intervened. No objection could have been taken to a stipulation that future conflicts should be prevented by the establishment of English sovereignty in the country. One more opportunity was offered of attaining a beneficent result; and it is satisfactory to find that Mr. GRANT DUFF, in circuitous official language, confirms the statement which had been made both by correspondents on the spot and in official despatches. On assuming command of the army Sir EVELYN WOOD, in a telegram to Lord KIMBERLEY, assured the Government that the best and wisest course was to defeat the Boer army, and that he had no doubt of his ability to accomplish the object. It would then be in the power of the Imperial Government to impose its own terms on a population which would, as the General believed, at once discontinue armed resistance. No limit need have been imposed to the liberality of the terms which might have been offered, except that the rights of loyal subjects, white or coloured, must have been effectually protected. Lord KIMBERLEY, in obedience perhaps to superior orders, but under a responsibility which he would only have escaped by resignation, replied, without noticing Sir EVELYN WOOD's advice, by a peremptory order to continue the negotiations. A few days afterwards Sir EVELYN WOOD reported that the Boers were not inclined to surrender any territory; and he referred to his former recommendation. Once more Lord KIMBERLEY abstained from giving any answer; and the General had no choice but to submit to the terms which were practically dictated by the victorious belligerent. After such experience of the temper and spirit of the English Government, it is highly improbable that the Boers will acquiesce in any unpalatable decision of the Commission. If the Government has been well advised in its recent policy, all previous statesmen have been mistaken, not only in their estimate of national honour, but in their calculations of expediency, and in their judgment of human nature.

VACCINATION.

THE excellent letter from Dr. CARPENTER which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday deserves to be printed separately, and to be circulated as widely as possible by all who care about the protection of the community from small-pox. It is especially desirable that this should be done if Dr. CARPENTER is right in saying that the public are evidently "much unsettled as to the protective influence of vaccination." We were not aware that the mischievous propaganda of the Anti-Vaccinationists had been successful to this extent, and, in spite of Dr. CARPENTER's assertion, we are still inclined to believe that the greater prominence given to the controversy of late years makes the alleged unsettlement look larger than it is. Still the action of the Government last year may have done more harm than we think. A question of this kind is one on which the authorities should never even seem to waver; and the preposterous proposal to make exemption from vaccination virtually obtainable at the cost of a licence did undoubtedly make it appear that the Government had entered upon the path of repentance. It is to be hoped that Mr. DODSON will do what he can to atone for the abortive, but not for that reason innocent, Bill by giving unmistakable and stringent instructions to the local authorities to enforce the law. Where there is a real determination to hinder vaccination, these instructions will of course produce but a very small effect; but there are a great number of well-disposed authorities whose languid good intentions might be stimulated with great benefit to the public. After all, the instrument which will in the long run do most to make vaccination universal is the irresistible evidence of statistics. People are told that vaccination is a protection against small-pox,

and if they saw the statement invariably borne out by facts, they would in time accept it. What shakes the popular belief is the fact that districts in which vaccination is supposed to have been universally enforced are not invariably free from small-pox. The explanation of this inconsistency is that the local authorities have meant much and done little. They have succeeded in making people think that vaccination is universally practised within their jurisdiction; whereas all that with truth can be said is that vaccination is universally ordered. Consequently, vaccination itself comes in for the discredit which really ought to fall upon those who profess to enforce it and do not.

Assuming that Dr. CARPENTER is right in thinking that the public do not feel their old confidence in the benefits of vaccination, the change may be traced, he thinks, to three causes. In the first place, the present generation has forgotten what small-pox was before the introduction of vaccination. Medical records show that, down to the beginning of the present century, small-pox was quite as universal as measles is now. It was a wonder for any one to have reached middle age without having had it. In point of fact, the general use of inoculation cannot be accounted for on any other supposition. People would never have deliberately exposed themselves to a possibly fatal disease if they had not been convinced that the chance of their escaping it, if they were not inoculated, was very small indeed. Half the deaths of children under ten years of age were due to small-pox, and of the total mortality of the country, eight deaths in every hundred were set down to it. For a long time after vaccination had been introduced this state of things was vividly remembered. To meet people pitted by small-pox was still a common occurrence, and the records of every family showed how great its ravages had been. Now all this is forgotten except when an occasional epidemic produced by this very forgetfulness faintly reproduces the loathsome past. In the second place, the benefits of vaccination were overrated in the first instance, and as this exaggeration came to be corrected by experience, there was a natural tendency to treat the use of it as less essential than had at first been supposed. "In process of time the advocates of vaccination were startled by the indisputable fact of the not rare occurrence of small-pox in its worst form among persons who had undoubtedly been cow-pocked." It was found, however, on inquiry, that in an immense proportion of these cases the sufferers were adults, and this suggested the now universally accepted correction that the effect of vaccination is only temporary. Small-pox itself recurs occasionally, especially when the first attack has been in infancy, and all observation points to the conclusion that, in the case of cow-pox, the protective action of the disease is sooner exhausted, and the liability to it most likely to be reproduced during the period of growth. Consequently, a person vaccinated in infancy will ordinarily have exhausted the protection thus secured by the time that he is grown up. Re-vaccination effected then will certainly renew the immunity for some years, and probably for the whole remainder of life—the exhaustion of the protective influence being so very much more gradual when the process of tissue change has ceased to be active. These facts, says Dr. CARPENTER, carry conviction that, "if it were possible to enforce not only vaccination in infancy, but re-vaccination at the age of say eighteen, small-pox might be as completely exterminated as it has been from Malta. . . . That small-pox still lingers among ourselves is plainly owing (1) to the persistence of an unvaccinated residuum; and (2) to the existence among the unvaccinated of a certain proportion who have acquired a renewed liability which re-vaccination would destroy." In the third place, the opponents of vaccination have taken the facts that vaccination in infancy does not afford permanent protection against small-pox, and that even re-vaccination does not afford a protection absolutely without qualification, as tantamount to proof that vaccination is no protection at all. They point triumphantly to a child who has been vaccinated, and has had small-pox; or to the far rarer, and, consequently, more talked of, instances in which an adult has been re-vaccinated and has had small-pox, as if they were conclusive against the practice. The ignorance of many of those to whom they address themselves does not allow them to give proper weight to the really overwhelming evidence that vaccination is very nearly a complete safeguard during

childhood, and that re-vaccination is an almost complete protection for the rest of life.

There is, however, one argument which is more calculated to prejudice people against vaccination as commonly practised than Dr. CARPENTER is willing to allow. This is "the admitted, though extremely rare, transmission with the vaccine lymph of some communicable poison which 'due care would prevent.'" Dr. CARPENTER thinks this objection is disposed of by the inquiry whether it would be a sufficient reason to refrain from eating a herb which had been ascertained to give protection against small-pox, "that once in fifty thousand cases injury had accrued from some poisonous plant having been gathered with it" which due care on the part of the gatherer would have "eliminated"? To the great majority of reasonable persons undoubtedly this would not be a sufficient reason. But it is conceivable that a small minority even of reasonable persons might say that, considering the exceedingly poisonous nature of the diseases which can in rare cases be communicated with the vaccine lymph, they would rather let their children run the risk of taking small-pox. This is not a conclusion which can be defended on any proper estimate of probabilities. But, then, the very contention of the objector is that the danger in the two cases is different in kind, and the greater risk of taking small-pox is preferable to the lesser risk of taking a worse disease. This is not a belief which admits of being argued down. When everything has been adduced on the other side, the man who holds it can still say, Well, I feel it, and while I continue to feel it, I must act upon it. It is a very different case from that of the ordinary objector to vaccination, because in this case there is scientific ground for the dislike. These poisons are capable of being communicated with the vaccine lymph, and when thus communicated, they may be as mischievous in their action as though they had been communicated in some other way. If no other answer were to be had than that suggested by Dr. CARPENTER, the use which the opponents of vaccination might make of this fact would be exceedingly mischievous. Fortunately, however, a complete answer to it exists. The poisons in question can only be communicated with the vaccine lymph when that lymph has been taken from the human subject. If, as in Belgium, it is taken direct from the calf, no such risk can possibly arise. Moreover, the protection afforded by vaccination from the calf is, of the two, the more effectual; so that the superiority of the Belgian over the English system is in all respects complete. Hitherto the Local Government Board have shown themselves strangely inactive as regards the introduction of vaccination from the calf. They were warned some years ago, by no less an authority than Sir THOMAS WATSON, that vaccination with human lymph was exposed to this serious objection, and that the substitution of animal lymph would completely remove it; but, notwithstanding this, the substitution of animal lymph is still in its infancy; and Mr. PETER TAYLOR and his allies are still left free to make what use they like of Sir THOMAS WATSON's admissions.

THE MEANING OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION.

THE news of the signature of a treaty between the BEY of Tunis and the French, involving the appointment of a French Resident, is scarcely surprising. The details of the treaty will require consideration later; its general tenour has been sufficiently anticipated. The military pressure put on the BEY was in the absence of any valid help too strong to be resisted. By a well-concerted movement the converging divisions of the French were directed on the central stronghold of the Kroumirs only to find it abandoned. The warriors of the tribes had persuaded themselves that resistance was impossible, and melted away. They are not subdued, but nothing is left for them but to maintain, until they are disheartened or exterminated, a warfare hopeless to themselves, but harassing and costly to their enemies, such as starving and desperate mountaineers can carry on in a difficult country. The first object of the French expedition has been thus attained. But the second object had still to be assured, and what this object is had been fully disclosed in the very remarkable circular of M. ST.-HILAIRE and in the tamer, but equally frank, declaration of M. JULES FERRY to the Senate and the Chamber. What the Ministers

said was adopted with singular unanimity and absence of comment by the French Parliament, and it must, therefore, be recognized that what France says they said. What will at once strike every reader of M. ST.-HILAIRE's circular is that the Kroumirs fade out of this circular almost as completely and suddenly as they faded off the hill of the Marabout. It is indeed stated that for years the Kroumirs and their fellow-plunderers have been giving trouble to the French Arabs, who, under the civilizing influence of France, have become too gentle and tame to resist their old enemies. One or two ships also have been wrecked and plundered off the coast, and France has borne this state of things too patiently and too long. "We have," as M. ST.-HILAIRE says, "exercised patience to a degree that has 'sometimes surprised the world.'" The world, like the individual, is, no doubt, often unconscious of its own emotions. There has again been no definite frontier line drawn between France and Tunis, and that is "a gap" that has to be filled." But there can be no doubt that the BEY, had he been asked, would have been very glad to have a frontier line traced, and, in spite of all the ill-doings of the Kroumirs, there was until lately a cordial understanding between the BEY and the French. When the French had to complain of raids, they asked for compensation from the BEY, and got it. They were duly paid for the surprising patience they exercised. What exhausted their patience was finding, not that the Kroumirs made one more raid, but that the BEY was not like his old self. He was getting anti-French. He had allowed himself to be egged on by foreigners to thwart the schemes of French adventurers and favour the schemes of the adventurers of other nations. The instances given by M. ST.-HILAIRE of this hostility on the part of the BEY are neither numerous nor convincing. He only points to one case in which the permission to construct a railway was given to persons other than Frenchmen; to a scheme that broke down for a competing telegraphic cable; to impediments alleged to have been placed in the way of the construction of a French line; and, lastly, to the famous Enfidra case, which is described by M. ST.-HILAIRE in the following astonishing language:—"The case of the Enfidra domain, which it was sought to 'snatch, by illegal means, from the honest and laborious 'Marseilles Company.'" What really happened was that an English subject took possession of the domain under a title which he was prepared to maintain before the proper local tribunals, and the honest and laborious Company declined to appear before these tribunals to show their better right. So far as is yet known, the hostility of the BEY seems to consist in not doing whatever a Frenchman wishes whenever a dispute arises between a Frenchman and a foreigner of a different nation.

A large, and a comparatively successful, portion of M. ST.-HILAIRE's circular is devoted to the demolition of the claims of the Porte to a supreme authority over Tunis. It is incontestable that this authority was, until the time of the present BEY, completely in abeyance. In the present century the Porte has disclaimed all responsibility for the acts of the Barbary States, and the European Powers have constantly negotiated with the BEY of Tunis as an independent sovereign. What is new in the reign of the present BEY is that, whereas his predecessors were as anxious to assert their independence as France could be to assert it for them, the present BEY has voluntarily addressed the SULTAN, and asked him to accept him as his vassal. This was first done in 1864, when the opposition of France at Constantinople sufficed to reduce the answer of the Porte to a mere formal acknowledgment of the application of the BEY. But in 1871, when it was thought France was no longer to be feared, the BEY applied for, and the SULTAN issued, a Firman, by which the BEY was declared to be a mere Vali, or governor of a Turkish province. France protested, but the other Powers took note of what had been done without pronouncing an opinion on it. They had no objection to Tunis making itself a vassal of the Porte, but they in no way guaranteed its new authority to the Porte. Lord SALISBURY discussed the affairs of Tunis with M. WADDINGTON solely on the ground of English interests and without reference to the claims of Turkey, and Lord GRANVILLE considered no other duty as incumbent on the English Government than that of ensuring the safety and protect-

ing the interests of British subjects. There is not a single European Power which at the present moment thinks itself concerned in maintaining the supremacy of the Porte in Tunis. And there can be no doubt that, unless it is bound by some kind of European law to accept the supremacy of the Porte, France has the most cogent reasons to impel her to see, even by the use of extreme means, that this supremacy shall not be established. Nothing could be more prejudicial to France than that an independent Mahommedan sovereign, having territory contiguous to that of France, should suddenly so place himself as to be able to refer every complaint made by France against him, and every application made to him by France or Frenchmen, to Constantinople. There, where every favour and every recognition of right has to be paid for, interminable intrigues engender interminable delays, and France would be perpetually asked what it would concede in a Montenegrin or a Greek question if it got what it wanted in some trumpery question about a railway or a telegraph in Tunis.

For the purposes of criticism of the circular, the BEY may be accepted as an independent prince, and it then becomes interesting to know what this independent prince is to be made to do for France. French troops are now stationed just outside his capital, a French general has sent him an ultimatum and has visited him in his palace to dictate a treaty, and he has been able by this time to realize what his independence is worth. The nature of the ultimatum presented to him might have been guessed from M. ST.-HILAIRE'S circular. France is not going to annex an inch of Tunisian territory; it does not wish to depose the BEY, or in any way to hurt him. All it asks is to improve him and his country. In describing what France has done and is ready to do for Tunis, M. ST.-HILAIRE soars into the true language of a prospectus. He, as it were, gives himself a concession, and then as concessionaire puts the splendours of this acquisition before an admiring public. France has already done wonders for Tunis; it has created a postal and a telegraph service; it has made one railway and is making two more; it has restored an aqueduct and is going to make a port; it has invested vast sums of money in Tunisian bonds. This is the kind of preliminary expenditure with which prospectuses have made us so familiar and for which confiding readers are ready to take founders' shares. It is, as usual, nothing in comparison with the magnificent objects which are to be carried out if the shares offered to the public are taken up. France is ready, we learn, to engage in a "host of beneficial enterprises," lighthouses, internal roads, vast irrigation, the working of abundant mines of every kind of metal, improved cultivation of land, and the "employment of the hot springs which the Romans discovered and used." There never was anything so grand in the prospectus way before. Merely by the way, and as a makeweight, France undertakes to manage the revenues, and keep the accounts of the BEY in a proper French manner, to raise the taxes as they ought to be raised, and to introduce a first-class judicial system. Sometimes it is stated in prospectuses that the title to the concession will be completed after the shares have been taken up. This is exactly what M. ST.-HILAIRE proposes to do. He has issued his prospectus, and France has taken it up, and he is now going to complete his title. The process is very simple. A loaded pistol has been held at the BEY's head until he has ratified the concession. And if this seems rather a strong proceeding, France has the amplest moral justification. She is the apostle of civilization, and has the inherent right of a civilized nation to force civilization on uncivilized peoples. She has exactly the same title to civilize Tunis now as she had formerly to civilize Algeria, and as England has to civilize India. The process of civilization apparently in all cases includes, if not formal annexation, at any rate something indistinguishable from annexation. This is the case which M. ST.-HILAIRE puts before France and the world; and it must be owned that in one way he shows himself entitled to speak as the prophet of modern civilization, and that he has pushed its cynicism to a point which has rarely been equalled and can scarcely ever be surpassed.

LIMITATION OF ACTIONS FOR DEBT.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had no difficulty in proving the advantages of ready money as opposed to long credit. That the man who pays as he goes is wiser, better, and happier than the man who pays at the end of the year has long been a commonplace with economists. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL did not even consider the case of the man who has not the means of paying as he goes. No amount of conviction that you will have the money six months hence will justify you in the eyes of this stern moralist if you weakly make the purchase at once. We are not at all disposed to question the general soundness of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S view. Even among the working classes, by whom the convenience of being able to go in debt for necessities at a time when they are out of work is most strongly felt, credit and saving tend to be mutually destructive. If a man earns no wages for three months and yet keeps out of the workhouse, it can only be by having put money away in the past or by finding shopkeepers who will trust to his power and readiness to pay his debts in the future. Supposing that shopkeepers could not be found to display this confidence alike in his good intentions and in his ability to give effect to them, working-men would be forced to save much more than they do. This would be no real hardship to them, because the fact that shopkeepers continue to trust them shows that they pay in the long run, and they can only do this by saving after they have had the goods, instead of before. If they could be brought to save first and buy the goods afterwards, both tradesman and customer would in the end be better off. There would be no bad debts, and no compulsory dealing at particular shops at which they happen to have an account. This last consideration has done more than anything else to interfere with the spread of Co-operative Stores among the poor. The goods sold at a Store may be better and cheaper, but against this superiority is to be set the fact that the Stores will not give credit, and that the shops will only give credit in bad times to customers who have dealt with them in good times. This reflection may have something to do with the indifference, if not hostility, which the shopkeepers have shown towards Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Bill. If it is true that the multiplication of Co-operative Stores has been promoted by the high prices which the practice of giving credit compels retail dealers to charge, it is also true that the convenience of getting credit with retail dealers has greatly checked the multiplication of Co-operative Stores. Whether the change in the law which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL proposed would have much effect in abolishing credit among the working classes is open to doubt. He would allow tradesmen and customers to contract themselves out of the Bill, and the result of this permission might easily be that things would remain just as they are. A formula would be devised which would exempt the shopkeeper from the limitation of time provided in the Act, and every bill scored against a workman would have this formula conspicuously printed at the top.

When we pass from the working classes to those other sufferers to whom Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was anxious to extend protection, the case for interference is even weaker. As regards the poor, it might be expedient to alter the law if it were certain that the alteration would be effectual, and if we could be sure that, if effectual, it would be really beneficial. But as regards minors, married women, men who owe 14,000*l.* to their fruiterer, and people who forget to keep their receipts, the case is different. It is hard to see how Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can have supposed his Bill would make the first three cases any easier, inasmuch as he only proposed to make it apply to debts under 100*l.* Minors who run up enormous bills without the knowledge of their parents and guardians, wives who keep their husbands in the dark as to their dealings with their milliners, and men with an abnormal appetite for fruit are not likely to limit their bills to the comparatively trifling sum of 100*l.* It would become, under Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Bill, the direct interest both of debtor and creditor to run them up above this amount. A tradesman who supplies a minor with those miscellaneous articles which a British jury insists on regarding as necessary when once they have been bought and delivered, or a dressmaker who finds that her bill is never asked for, and that the longer she postpones sending it in the more freely orders for new dresses are given, is for the

most part perfectly aware of the real state of the case. The jeweller who adorns the fingers of an undergraduate with the largest-sized rings, or stamps an image of himself upon his customer's shirt-front in the shape of a set of expensive studs, does not in the least believe that these purchases are made to gratify the eye of a doting father. Each and all of these tradesmen know very well that the transaction is in the nature of a speculative investment, and that though they may lose the bare value of the goods, they are sure, if they are paid for them, to gain a great deal more than their value. If it were made impossible to recover debts of more than twelve months' standing, when they did not exceed 100*l.*, the object of every one of these worthies would be to have no customers who wanted long credit on his books except for sums above 100*l.* A purchaser who showed any desire to keep his bill below that figure would at once be looked on with suspicion. It would be supposed that he or she nourished a mean desire to play the tradesman false in the thirteenth month. Purchasers such as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has in view would be as well aware of this as the tradesman. They would know that readiness to go beyond 100*l.* was an elementary proof of respectable intentions, a pledge that if the shopkeeper dealt handsomely by them they would deal handsomely by the shopkeeper. Thus the result of the change might be to increase that extravagance which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is so properly anxious to check. In all these instances it is not the sanctions of the law which the tradesman looks to. Indeed, these have now become so feeble that they have pretty well lost any terrors they may have once possessed. His expectations of eventual payment are based partly on the sense of honesty which, after all, is pretty widely diffused, and partly on the dislike which a large proportion of mankind still feel to being declared defaulters even when the creditor is a shopkeeper. Upon these foundations the credit system would still flourish, even if one year were substituted for six as the period beyond which debts should cease to be recoverable. Even supposing that the effect of the Bill promised to be greater than seems at all likely, there is not much inducement for the Legislature to move in the matter. It is not convenient for the law to do all that it might do, and the victims whom Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL commends to our notice are not particularly interesting. When neither creditor nor debtor can make good any claim on our sympathies, it seems better to leave them to settle their own disputes. When the similar Bill which has passed the Lords comes on for discussion it will not be this or that class only that will benefit by it. The Bill will be one of larger scope, and will ask for support on more general grounds. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's Bill, except in so far as it proposed to confer a doubtful benefit on the working classes, was exclusively a measure for the relief of interesting extravagance. As such, it may safely be left alone.

A Correspondent of the *Standard* has told a tale of misery which, at all events, goes to show that the long credits which shock Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL are very much on the wane. He has been away from London for three years, and now that he has returned he finds himself little better off than an outlaw. The tradesmen that once knew him, know him no more. He has to furnish a house, and he cannot get a carpet or a dining-table delivered except on payment at the door. He has to see that his wife is properly shod, and when he naturally objects to paying for boots before they have been tried on, he is met by the difficulty that the messenger refuses to leave them to be tried on unless they are first paid for. Unless this gentleman is exceptionally unlucky, the salutary process of paying ready money seems already to have made abundant progress. The truth probably is that in this respect the rivalry of the Co-operative Stores has done shopkeepers a real service. They do not see it themselves—blessings so very well disguised are seldom recognized until after their work is done; but the fact is beyond dispute. After all, ready money is the feature which really marks off a Co-operative Store from an ordinary shop. The collection of many trades under one roof, and the abolition of free delivery, are much less important elements in the success of the Stores. The former can be, and is being, rivalled by private tradesmen; the latter is not a very great gain in point of cheapness, while it is a decided loss in point of convenience. But the rigid enforcement of ready money does

undoubtedly enable joint-stock shopkeepers—for the Co-operative Stores are now nothing more than this—to undersell tradesmen who give even short credit; and the experience of the *Standard's* Correspondent seems to show that this lesson has at last been learned. Now that the process has begun, there is no obvious reason why it should not go on quite fast enough without Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's aid. All that individual shopkeepers have got to do is to give a discount for cash payments which will bring their charges within a measurable distance of the prices asked at the Stores. Of course, if they ask sums which vary from thirty to fifty per cent. more than the sums for which the same goods can be bought at a Store, and then make a favour to the ready-money customer of taking off five per cent., they must not expect to beat their rivals. But, now that cash payments have gained the footing they have, there is every reason to expect that even the British tradesman will not remain for ever blind to the obvious teachings of self-interest.

FRENCH CONSERVATISM.

THE schism in the ranks of the French Royalists grows more pronounced every day. The Legitimist section of the party has taken a more decided line in view of the elections than it has ventured to do for some years past. The recent aggressions of the State upon the Church had seemed to politicians of the stamp of M. DE FALLOUX to suggest a common ground of resistance for French Conservatives of all schools. This coalition was to be altogether different from those which it was sought to bring about under Marshal MACMAHON. The individuals composing it would, to a great extent, be the same; but they would be united by firmer ties. Formerly, though the members of the coalition agreed for the time to divest themselves of their peculiar ideas and desires, with a view to attaining an object which they all had at heart, it was impossible for them to keep their engagement. The cause of this inability lay in the nature of the object they were aiming at. Men who ally themselves together for the overthrow of a particular form of government cannot help asking themselves what is to be done when the overthrow has been accomplished, and it has become a practical question what form of government is to be set up in place of that which has been destroyed. As soon as this question was raised, distrust of one another found its way into the coalition. Its members were pledged to pull down the Republic, and they knew perfectly well that, as soon as it was pulled down, they would be engaged in a furious dispute, whether it should be succeeded by the BOURBON or by the Bonapartist monarchy. The cause which weakened the coalition, viewed from within, made it hateful to those who viewed it from without. The Conservative party were justly regarded by the majority of the nation as bent upon the destruction of institutions with which the nation as a whole was very well content. The result was that the Conservatives were weakened by mutual suspicions when working for an object which, if they had worked for it as one man, would still have been impossible of attainment.

To some at least of the party much meditation on these things has brought wisdom with it. They have recognized the hold which the Republic has taken upon the interests and the imaginations of the French people, and the hopelessness of gaining popular support for a movement avowedly intended to overthrow it. They are now anxious to put the form of government altogether aside, and to make the whole question turn upon the manner in which the government has been carried on. There is nothing, they say, about a Republic as such to prevent Catholics from living peaceably beneath its shadow. Everything depends upon the spirit in which the Republic deals with questions in which Catholics are interested. How the present Government deals with these questions is shown by the dispersion of the religious orders, the suppression of army chaplains, and the secularization of hospitals and schools. The course which policy and principle alike prescribe to French Conservatives is to make the most of the advantage which their adversaries have given them. In the approaching canvass nothing should be said about forms of government. Republican institutions should be formally accepted, and the whole force of the

Conservative attack be directed against the uses to which these institutions have been turned. The policy of the Government is distasteful to many sound Republicans, and if the Conservatives are careful to dissociate themselves from the Monarchical ideas which have hitherto been with too much reason imputed to them, they may hope, under cover of the ballot-box, to attract these Republicans to their side. There was a time when this method would have been rendered impracticable by the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities. PIUS IX. had latterly become as good a Legitimist as HENRY V. himself, and the French bishops, with scarcely an exception, had taken their cue from the Pope. Now all this is changed. So far as France is concerned, LEO XIII. is not a Republican, but a Republican who has remained under strong temptations to recant. He has never ceased to distinguish between the form of government now established in France and the particular actions of the politicians who for the time administer it. Consequently, in appealing to French Catholics not to mix up these two ideas, men like M. DE FALLOUX can claim the highest ecclesiastical support. They only ask the laity to follow where the Sovereign Pontiff has already led the way.

If this change of tone on the part of the Conservatives had been fairly general, it is possible that it might have had considerable influence. For the first time Republican would have ceased to be a party name, and a general election have turned upon measures rather than upon institutions. It is probable that the number of Republicans who dislike the course upon which the Government have lately entered, and suspect them of intending to pursue it to still greater lengths, is considerable. Hitherto, however, they have had no means of giving effect to their views except by keeping away from the polls. If they voted at all, they must do so either for a Republican who approved of all that the Republic had done, or for a Monarchist who wished to mend matters by sweeping away the Republic. It is never safe to assume that a French Conservative will take an active part in politics, but there was, at least, a chance that he might do so upon seeing the opportunity for the first time offered him. Now the prospect of anything of the kind being brought about is altogether at an end. The Legitimist feeling proves to be as active and as obstinate as ever, and those who are animated by it make no secret of their determination to subordinate every other consideration to the pleasure of gratifying it. No sooner had the appeal of the moderate Conservatives been put forward than there appeared in the *Union* an express mandate from the Count of CHAMBORD directing the Royalists to support no candidate who would not undertake to make the restoration of the Monarchy his first object. From that day forward the wrath of the Legitimist organs has been mainly directed against those Catholics and Conservatives who are anxious, if they can, to live at peace with the Republic. Not M. GAMBETTA himself is more an object of detestation with them than M. DE FALLOUX. Their columns are filled with demonstrations that in France a good Catholic must always, and under all circumstances, be a good Royalist, and that the salvation of the Church and of society depends upon the restoration of HENRY V. The question is one which has been absolutely and definitively decided by the Royal word. The duty of a good subject is to bow his head and obey.

Once more, therefore, the prospects of Conservatism in France seem hopelessly obscured. It is of the very essence of this particular phase of political doctrine that it should accept accomplished facts, and try to make the best of them. The Orleanists have no more cause than the Legitimists to love the Republic, and it is equally their interest that the French nation should recognize the Monarchy as the form of government best suited to the needs of the country. The difference between them and the Legitimists is simply that the Orleanists are willing to give the needs of the country precedence over the restoration of the Monarchy, whereas the Legitimists hold that, if those needs cannot be satisfied by a change in the form of government, they had better not be satisfied at all. The result of this open avowal of incompatible aims must be to reduce the Conservative party to impotence. If the two sections into which the Royalist section has split up had remained united, there might have been some chance that they would have drawn the third section towards them by the mere force of attraction. No such chance exists now. When separated from

the larger body of the Legitimists, the moderate and reasonable Royalists will be too small a party to tempt any body either to join them or to invite their co-operation. Besides, however unjust the suspicion may be, it will certainly be thought that the quarrel between the two sections of the Royalists has reference to methods not to ends, and that the distinction which marks off the Legitimists from the Moderates is simply that the Legitimists have the courage to be sincere. As regards the Legitimists themselves, their present attitude affords additional evidence to a fact which scarcely needed to be thus supported. The Extreme Right are to the full as irreconcilable and as impracticable as the Extreme Left. The interests of the country or of religion go for nothing with them by the side of the interests of their particular theory. If the Extreme Left subordinate the welfare of France to the triumph of the Republican idea, the Extreme Right are equally ready to subordinate the welfare of France to the triumph of the Monarchical idea. The Extreme Left would upset the best possible Government if it were not Republican. The Extreme Right will do nothing to make a Government tolerable unless they can at the same time make it Monarchical. The result of Legitimist persistence must be to prepare a disastrous defeat for all the causes they profess to care for. Every time that the elections are made to turn upon the form of the Government it becomes plainer that France is not in the least shaken in her determination to live under a Republic. Until the Legitimists can bring themselves to see this fact, they must be shut out themselves, and help to shut out all other Conservatives from any useful action in politics.

PREMIERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PARLIAMENT, in both Houses, decreed on Monday last that Lord Beaconsfield should have a monument, and that the monument should be placed in Westminster Abbey. Premiers have no place or precedence assigned to them in life. It is conceivable, and does, in fact, happen, that a Minister should have no recognized rank in society beyond that of a privy councillor, and should be the inferior, in a sense, of peers whom he had himself recommended for creation or promotion. But death brings many things into their proper perspective, and it cannot be said that we have neglected to commemorate politicians. Nearly a half of the monuments erected to them in the Abbey are merely complimentary, and do not mark the actual place of burial. There are, therefore, many precedents for the intended memorial, though its form is subject for future arrangement. Should we of this generation omit the customary tribute, later ages would certainly supply it, as we have done in the case of Addison, who was a Secretary of State before Premiers were, in fact, invented. He is buried among statesmen, in the vault of General Monk in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel; but his statue is among the poets, and a slab in the north aisle of the Chapel, "near his loved Montagu," further commemorates him. Montagu himself and Savile, a yet more famous possessor of the title of Halifax, have tablets in the same aisle, near the great monument of Queen Elizabeth. In the same vault with Addison is buried the body of another Minister, his contemporary, James Craggs, who died of small-pox in 1721. The monument is separated from his grave by the whole length of the Abbey. The old Abbot's Chapel, at the extremity of the south aisle of the nave, is now used as a kind of vestry, under the dignified title of the Consistory Court; and here, between busts of the late Mr. Maurice and of Canon Kingsley, and almost facing the bust of Mr. Keble, is the full-length figure of Craggs, "in an antique habit, leaning gracefully on an urn." Beneath are Pope's well-known lines, beginning with the equivocal compliment, "Statesman, yet friend to truth."

The first Prime Minister actually buried and commemorated in the Abbey is Chatham. Neither Harley nor Walpole, to whom the title of Premier was first applied in an invidious sense, are commemorated, though Horace Walpole placed a statue in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel to the memory of his mother, the first wife of the Minister, paying, as he grudgingly notes, forty pounds for the site to the Dean and Chapter. Walpole's rival, Stanhope, has his statue, though he is buried at Chevening, and his monument at the entrance of the choir, over against that of Sir Isaac Newton, may be taken as the earliest precedent for the intended Beaconsfield memorial. Compton and Carteret, who may be accounted Premiers at one time or another after the fall of Walpole and before the rise of Chatham, are not commemorated, but Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and his family are buried in the Islip Chapel. Pulteney was never Premier in the modern sense of the word. Pelham's secretary, Roberts, has a tablet near the tomb assigned by tradition to Chaucer; but neither Pelham himself, nor his brother and successor, the Duke of Newcastle, has a monument in the church. Bute is unmentioned in the Abbey records; Rockingham and North and Liverpool are equally without notice. But to Chatham was assigned the honour of a contest between Westminster and London for the possession of his body.

The citizens would have buried him in their great cathedral, and, as Horace Walpole observes, would have "robbed Peter to pay Paul." They urged that he had contributed so much by his vigour and counsels to the protection of commerce that they ought to be allowed to offer him this mark of gratitude and veneration. It must be admitted, in the face of subsequent events, that, not only would there have been a certain appropriateness in thus making the tomb of the great commoner in the City, but also that it would there have occupied a more distinguished position than it does among a crowd of similar memorials in the Abbey. The number of lesser politicians whose monuments surround his does something to obscure his greatness. But Parliament ruled it otherwise; his dust must mingle, it was said, with the dust of kings; and the north transept has ever since been made a "statesman's corner."

The monument of Chatham, incongruous as it is in a Gothic building, would have looked better in St. Paul's. It is in many respects to be reckoned the masterpiece of Bacon. The figures of Britannia, supported by the Ocean and the Earth, and of Prudence and Fortitude, which support the central statue, are fine in their way; but Bacon, in making the portrait of Chatham true to life, and using Parliamentary robes instead of classical armour or "an antique habit," set an example to his successors in the art of monumental sculpture. Strange to say, the artist himself wrote the inscription which appears upon the base. Its brevity is not undignified, and when George III. warned the sculptor "Now, Bacon, mind you do not turn author; stick to your chisel," he paid him a well-merited compliment. He received 6,000*l.* for the monument, and had to pay out of that modest sum both the cost of the marble and work, and also the Chapter fees, which amounted to not less than 700*l.* There is another memorial of Chatham in the Abbey. It is seldom seen by visitors, though, in many respects, it is of great interest. This is the waxen effigy, in his robes as a peer, and holding a parchment-roll in his hand, which was made after the funeral, and exhibited for many years. It represents him as a short man, but is full of energy, and by no means to be despised as a work of art. The name of the artist does not appear to have survived.

The monument of Chatham's great son is in a situation even more conspicuous than that of the father, but in every other way falls short. The artist was the elder Westmacott. The statue is nine feet high, and the proportions being those of a very tall man, it appears even higher. To support it, an arch had to be turned over the western door, and the gigantic figure with its outstretched arm seems to dominate the whole nave. As in the case of the monument of Chatham, the expenses were paid by a vote of the House of Commons. Fox's monument, which is close by, was erected by his private friends. It has often been remarked that, as the monuments of these great political rivals are close together, so also are their graves; and it is to the proximity of Fox's resting-place to the vault of the Pitt family that Scott's well-known lines allude. *Marmion*, in the introduction to which they occur, was in fact published several years before either monument was completed. The vault constructed for the burial of Chatham contains the bodies also of his wife, his daughter, his son's wife, and both his sons. So that, even if William Pitt had been as insignificant as his elder brother, the second earl, he would yet have been honoured by burial in the Abbey.

The grave of Lord Londonderry, better known as Lord Castle-rough, is between those of Pitt and Fox. Sheridan is commemorated by a gravestone placed in the north aisle by a private friend, Dr. Moore. Canning and Palmerston lie within a few feet of Pitt and Fox; and the statue of Peel, who is buried at Drayton, is close by. At the back of the screen is a bust of Lord Aberdeen on an incongruous bronze pedestal. He was buried at Great Stanmore; and in the same side aisle are busts also of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Richard Cobden, and Warren Hastings. This fashion of placing busts in the Abbey is increasing, though nothing, not even a classical monument, has a worse effect amid Gothic surroundings. It does not speak well for the invention of modern sculptors that they have been able to devise nothing more suitable. The bust of Keble looks out from a pointed frame of the most strictly Gothic type, but itself is of a Greek model and nude, as are several neighbouring busts of divines. This form of monument has the advantage of occupying very little space; and, under the present régime, space is becoming very scarce in the church, either for burials or for gravestones. Gibson's statue of Peel was the last in which a classical costume was adopted, and the return to the old style in the case of these clergymen and of the miserable little busts of Lord Russell and Lord Lansdowne, both of whom are buried elsewhere, cannot be commended.

Among the Premiers who have no monument in the Abbey the most conspicuous by his absence is Lord Melbourne. At the time of his death the idea that even minor celebrities must be buried, or at least commemorated, in the Abbey had not attained its modern importance. The grave of Dickens in his beloved Rochester would have been the goal of a thousand pilgrimages. Romney Abbey would not have been unworthy of Palmerston, whose grave is hardly worth noticing in Westminster Abbey. The Melbourne monument in St. Paul's is more remarkable than any monument can now ever hope to be in the Abbey. Baron Marchetti excelled himself in the design and its execution. It would be well for his fame if he had never made anything less expressive than the two angels at the door. The door leads no

whither, but on its panels are inscribed the names of the Premier and his brother. One other Premier is buried in St. Paul's. The Wellington monument bears no allusion to the more peaceful services of the great Duke, who rests near his most eminent political rival, as Pitt rests by Fox. Among other Premiers not commemorated in Westminster Abbey are Shelburne and the late Lord Derby, though Perceval, who is buried at Charlton, has a magnificent cenotaph, voted by Parliament. No inscription has been placed upon it, but a long relief representing the assassination partially makes amends. A sculptor with the literary powers of Bacon might have supplied the omission, of which a parallel may be found in the monument of one of the very first statesmen buried in the Abbey. At the eastern end of the "Chapel of the Lady Margaret," otherwise known as the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, is a large and handsome memorial in marble, including a portrait in relief. Dean Stanley, with commendable care, has labelled it as the tomb of General Monk; but though there is an inscription stating that it was erected by the executors of Christopher Monk, the second Duke of Albemarle, there is nothing else to indicate its significance. There cannot be any doubt as to the correctness of the ascription, for a long list of noble persons, the second Duke's executors, have placed their names on the base. As so often recorded, the wax effigy of the great general of the Restoration in his armour, and especially his coronetted cap, were among the regular sights until a few years ago, though there is no mention on the monument of the Duke himself.

SATURDAY POLITICA.

THE present week has been a decidedly eventful one in the way of political occurrences. The French invasion of Tunis has drawn from faithful Radical lips a wailing admission that not even the abominable Government of Lord Beaconsfield ever perpetrated an act that can be compared, for sheer immorality, to this. The news from the Transvaal makes it more possible than ever that one of the astounding political comedies of the century may be performed, and that native valour, backed up by a few English free-lances or defrauded proprietors, may revenge the honour of England on the formidable forces which have cowed the master of the English Army List. In Ireland they outrage merrily, and Archbishop Croke aspires to the bygone glories of the Lion of Tuam and Judah. The northern parts of this island are disturbed by dark imaginings of a plot for the introduction of the Irish Land Bill into the Highlands. Mr. Gladstone has made his speech about Lord Beaconsfield's monument, and has made it very well save for a curious omission. Mr. Gladstone told us—what indeed most people knew before—that Lord Beaconsfield did not personally hate Mr. Gladstone, but by some unlucky chance he did not tell us, what everybody would have been glad to know, that Mr. Gladstone did not personally hate Lord Beaconsfield. The omission is remarkable, perhaps also unfortunate. Knaresborough has supplied an occasion for discreet silence to those who maintain that the country still wholly loves the Government. For Mr. Bradlaugh, an important member of the body politic, this is the week which in a manner either makes him or foredoes him quite, and he may be said to have been considerably foredone already by his exclusion on Tuesday from the anticipated glories of the Clock Tower. The Greeks came and brought presents to the Church of England on Wednesday, but the *fatalis machina* was on this occasion not manufactured with anything like the skill of the original Epæus. Lord Randolph Churchill has secured the approval of Mr. Broadhurst, and Mr. Jesse Collings has voted in the same lobby with most of the colleagues of the Late Man, as, if the modern Radical retained the picturesque traditions of his putative ancestors, the member for Ipswich would probably describe Lord Beaconsfield. Sir Stafford Northcote has won unwilling testimonies from his opponents on a point of generalship, and Sir William Harcourt has delivered his candid sentiments with regard to the priesthood of the Church of England and also of other communions. Sir William Harcourt is so much in the habit of delivering candid sentiments on subjects about which his knowledge is on a par with his knowledge when he addresses troublesome county magistrates at Stroud and elsewhere, that this last incident may not appear especially noteworthy. The rest must be acknowledged to be all considerable incidents in their way, and some of them at least to be likely to prove the forerunners of other considerable incidents.

The events of the week, however, may be said to be the election of Lord Salisbury to the post of leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords and the speech in which Mr. Forster demonstrated the excellences of the Irish Land Bill to a somewhat turbulent audience at Bradford. The election, or selection, or whatever it is to be called, of Lord Salisbury was at least, from the point of view of "the tools to the workman," something of a foregone conclusion. The rather impertinent comments on the various merits and demerits of the supposed competitors which filled certain journals for days before the question was really an actual one, and even for days before it was decent to moot it at all, principally showed, as such comments generally do show, the ignorance of the writers and their desire to appear not ignorant. To all persons, however, whether Whig, Tory, Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, who retained their faculty of comparatively impartial laughter, the attitude of what may be called generally the Liberal press towards the late Foreign Secretary must have

been provocative of much amusement. These candid advisers were particularly anxious that the Conservative party should not make a fatal mistake, and choose the wrong man. The wrong man, as it appeared to the obdurate outsider, was the man who was likely to hit the candid friend's friends hardest. It was, taking it altogether, as if the second in a pugilistic duel, discussing the conduct of the fight, should say:—"I hope you will not be so ill-advised as to hit my principal with your closed fist; for your own sake, I trust that you will tie one hand behind you; and I am sure that the commonest considerations of prudence will prevent you from employing the fatal manoeuvre of getting him into Chancery." In some cases the more refined device was employed of hoping that the Opposition would commit this fatal mistake; but this net also seems to have been spread before the bird in vain. That the meeting at Lord Abergavenny's does not, of itself, designate a leader of the party, but only a leader of the House of Lords, all reasonable persons, whether Liberal, Conservative, or neutral, are, we suppose, aware. That, under ordinary circumstances, it is the prelude to some very uncomfortable times for the Liberal peers is sufficiently evident. "Appelez-vous Voltaire; je vous promets des sensations," said M. Veuillot, in the days when he was the terror of the unorthodox. There is certainly no Liberal peer in the House of Lords to whom Lord Salisbury cannot promise sensations in the oratorical sense with a serene consciousness of being able to discharge the promise. The only shadow of discomfort for amateurs of real oratorical battle lies in the extraordinarily unequal nature of the fight. Lord Granville has, indeed, an invaluable characteristic which, in the days of the P. R., might have led to his being nicknamed "the featherbed." But though the passive military qualities of that article of furniture are excellent, its active qualities leave something to desire. For active measures the Ministry are left in the Upper House pretty much to a "broken man," the Duke of Argyll, who seems still disposed, notwithstanding his yearning after Saturn and Jupiter and the other realms where two and two still make four, to lend them gracious help now and then. But the Duke of Argyll is not to be named in the same category of orators with Lord Salisbury. He is not even the equal of Lord Cairns, and as a debater he is at best the equal of Lord Cranbrook, while he has come off second-best in more than one conflict with Lord Lytton and Lord Carnarvon. An impartial critic might, perhaps, find it in his heart to wish that, for the better furtherance of that lively political fighting in which impartial critics and amateurs of sport delight, Lord Salisbury might find it convenient to address himself to the task of popular speechmaking. It may be depended upon that, in the long run, the quality which catches the average audience, whether on the platform or in print, is hard hitting. It is by this that the popular idols of the Government party have obtained their reputation, and in this Lord Salisbury, when at his best, has hardly a superior. He has had comparatively little opportunity of displaying this gift since he was Lord Robert Cecil; he may perhaps see his way to a resumption of the display now. In some respects, no doubt, the position of leader, even of a single House of Parliament, imposes restrictions; in the matter of general schemes of policy, it imposes very considerable restrictions. But there is a great difference between rashness of constructive plan and forwardness in hitting the weak places of the adversary. It is the latter task which now falls on Lord Salisbury, and it would be hard to mention any one who is, or for many a long year has been, better qualified to perform it.

Turning to the other side, it is with performance, not with promise, that we have to deal. No Cabinet Minister has yet spoken to his constituents on the Irish Land Bill, and Mr. Forster's utterances at Bradford were therefore not a little interesting. We said that no Cabinet Minister had yet spoken on the Land Bill to his constituents; it might have been safer to say that no Cabinet Minister has yet spoken on the Land Bill at all, notwithstanding the verbal falsity of the statement. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed, or are told to consume the unsatisfactory pasture of the Irish Attorney-General. The *Times*, with the curious ingenuousness which has come to be its chief political virtue, and which after a long interval makes it once more worth reading, remarks that the Bill is by Liberals "taken on trust." Mr. Gladstone understands it, and that is all which a member of the non-stupid party has a right to demand. What Mr. Gladstone does is well. If anybody supposed that Mr. Forster was going to draw up the curtain at Bradford, he made a great mistake. The only interpretation which suggests itself of the reticence of the Ministry is that Mr. Gladstone was the only man who ever understood the Bill, and that he has forgotten what it meant, just as the other day, until Sir R. Cross gently mentioned to him the name of the Duke of Argyll, he was indignant at the idea of this best of Bills having caused dissension in the Cabinet. It is human to forget, and after all, before the third reading, Mr. Gladstone may perhaps remember what the Land Bill does mean, and may at a specially summoned Cabinet Council communicate the meaning to his colleagues with leave to divulge. Clause Seven, however, and the remarkable arithmetical puzzle whereby, making A. joint partner with B., you are to give valuable property to A. without taking any from B., did not enter into Mr. Forster's speech. What did enter into it was, in the first place, a challenge to Mr. Gibson. Mr. Forster is very sad on the subject of Mr. Gibson's remark that the Government did not sufficiently employ the ordinary law. His sadness does him credit, but the defect of memory

seems to be epidemic in the Cabinet, even among escaped members. Mr. Gladstone cannot, at least by hypothesis, remember the meaning of the Land Bill; the Duke of Argyll cannot remember that he ever heard of any Boer disaffection before the action at Laing's Nek; Mr. Forster cannot remember any instance of insufficient use of the powers of the ordinary law last autumn and winter. This, however, was not by any means his most remarkable utterance. That the Irish Land Bill, which every skilled witness—hostile, favourable, and neutral—agrees in regarding as a measure certain to lead to endless litigation, is, according to Mr. Forster, the offspring of a desire "to give the lawyers as little work to do as possible," is a statement which, we are sorry to say, made the irreverent population of Bradford laugh. They are very rude in Yorkshire, and rather sharp; so perhaps it is, on the whole, more sad than strange that they should have laughed at Mr. Forster. He was, however, only going up his hill of paradox. Mr. Forster believes in himself as having vigorously used the ordinary law in Ireland six months ago; he believes in the Irish Land Bill as likely to make lawyers starve. But he believes in it still more as "a merely temporary departure" from the laws of political economy. Mr. Forster has not the noble confidence of his chief; he does not believe that laws of nature cease to operate within four hours' steam of Holyhead. But the interference is merely temporary, he urges. For a time, at least, a reluctant Government must interfere with contract. When the tenant has been nourished and heartened with a certain amount of his landlord's property, he is to fend for himself. This is a delightfully novel announcement. It certainly is not in the bond which announces that the new dawn of Irish prosperity is to broaden on from fifteen years to fifteen years without the least hint of a future relapse into the twilight of economy and sense. But even if there were such a hint, will Mr. Forster promise us that he will undertake the arrangement of the later order of things when the time comes? A bear robbed of her whelps is an awkward customer, but an Irish tenant suddenly bidden, after being brought up by the Gladstonian hand on his landlord's goods for years, to live by his own labours and in accordance with the laws of Saturn and Jupiter, is likely to be a customer far more awkward.

LORD DUNSANY ON INVASION.

IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Admiral Lord Dunsany attempts the rather hopeless task of dispelling an idea very generally held by his countrymen, and tries to show that it is altogether erroneous and, indeed, absolutely opposed to facts, that is, to the facts of what he justly calls an iron age. The idea which he wishes to uproot and destroy is embodied in the phrase, a "silver streak," which means a great deal, like the shake of Lord Burleigh's head, and indicates not merely a strip of water, but also the absolute safety from invasion which is supposed to be due to that strip of water. That safety, says Lord Dunsany, is imaginary, and not only is it imaginary, not only does this country possess no special immunity from attacks, but that very Channel, that very "silver streak" which is thought her best defence against her foes, in reality makes it less difficult for a foreign Power to attack England than to attack a neighbour across a land boundary. This seems, at first sight, a startling paradox; but Lord Dunsany is able to say a good deal in support of it, and to bring forward facts very commonly overlooked, which can hardly fail to produce an impression on any one who is willing candidly to consider them; for they show, not perhaps that there is quite such imminent danger as the Admiral thinks, but that skilfully contrived measures on the part of an invader, aided by such good fortune as has marked many a campaign, might make the position of this country perilous in the extreme, and that, in the event of a war with one Great Power, a catastrophe worse than Sedan would certainly not be an impossible contingency.

In considering this question, it is necessary first of all to realize the enormous difference which steam has made, not merely in naval warfare, but in the transport of troops; and to this Lord Dunsany rightly directs his readers' attention. In former days, when troops had to be sent in sailing vessels, nothing like certainty, or approximate certainty, with regard to time was possible, and operations by sea were therefore in one respect much more hazardous and doubtful than operations by land. Now, not only is the position of things changed, but it is absolutely reversed. On this subject we cannot do better than quote the apt words in which Lord Dunsany compares operations by sea in former days with those which are possible now. He says:—

No great combinations such as an invasion would require, were possible in the days when the movements of a fleet depended on wind and weather. Could land forces even carry out any combined movements if they depended on wind or weather? Would the battle of Waterloo have been ever fought if "trusty old Blücher," instead of informing Wellington that he might rely on the support of the Prussian army on the 18th of June, had made that support conditional on there being no change of wind, no storm, no calm?

But with steam, armies escorted by fleets can be carried far more certainly, more rapidly, more conveniently, by sea than by land. In the late highly creditable march of Sir F. Roberts, his army covered seventeen miles per day, and has been very deservedly lauded for that performance. Had they been embarked, twelve times that distance would have been below an average rate, and fifteen times would have been possible. The voyage too, unlike the march, implies neither fatigue to the men or horses, nor any wear and tear of material. Our regiments sent to the Cape of Good Hope this spring traversed the Equator and penetrated far into the Southern

Hemisphere, say a voyage of 6,000 miles, in less time and with infinitely less strain in every way than would have attended a march from end to end of this little island. The march to the Cape by land would not have been effected (on friendly territory) in a twelvemonth! But the strangest idea connected with the "Silver Streak" is that the transport of material by sea is an insurmountable difficulty! The refutation of this fallacy is the *argumentum ad absurdum*. If transport by sea be difficult, transport by land is impossible; therefore there can be no future war! Any one seeing for the first time a ship discharge a cargo, say of 2,000 tons, must have been astonished at the multitude of carts and baggage animals required, and the miles of road covered by that single cargo.

The truth of this is indisputable, and Lord Dunsany is also undoubtedly right when he goes on to argue that an opposing army would have enormous difficulty in preventing the landing of forces from ships, as these would be covered by the tremendous fire of modern naval guns; and in a later part of his article he states in detail the advantages which an invader by sea possesses over an invader by land. The former, says the Admiral, must concentrate, and the concentration must be observed; whereas, concentration by sea is extremely rapid. He must fix a base of operations, thereby revealing his line of attack, and he advances at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day, while steam-ships can easily cover 240 miles in the 24 hours. In some respects Lord Dunsany has, we think, underrated the difficulties of an invasion from over the water, and we shall endeavour to point out how considerable those difficulties are; but there can be little doubt that an invader by sea would now possess certain considerable advantages over an invader by land, and that it is absurd to look on the "silver streak" as giving any special immunity to this country. Lord Dunsany might have strengthened his argument by pointing out that an embarkation is a much more safe and easy thing now than it was formerly. In the old days an admiral had to be careful how he anchored his fleet off an open coast in doubtful weather. The ships might have to make sail at any moment, and it was necessary to be at some distance from the shore. Steam-ships, of course, may be lost by a lee-shore if caught by a furious gale; but for powerful war-ships, and great transports, the danger is comparatively very small, at least in summer-time, and it is not very likely that an invasion would be attempted in the winter. One risk, therefore, which formerly accompanied the landing of troops may be considered now to have disappeared.

It seems clear that Lord Dunsany's view is right, and that the favourite expression the "silver streak" represents a most dangerous fallacy, inasmuch as an attack from the sea, which was in other times so difficult as to be well nigh impossible, is now a perfectly feasible operation of war, and is, in some respects, less difficult than an attack by land. It is only fair to say, however, that there is another side to the question, and this Lord Dunsany appears to overlook. Carefully as he has considered the matter, he scarcely seems to see that certain of his arguments cut both ways, and that some of the indisputable facts which he brings forward are as much in favour of the invaded as of the invader. Steam has immensely facilitated attack, but it has also greatly facilitated defence. In the old time a foul wind or a calm might neutralize defence, and might make a fleet for a time utterly useless. Now this risk, quite as great for the invaded as for the invaders, no longer exists, and the time which will be necessary for a fleet to reach any given spot can be calculated in a few minutes. If the movements of one antagonist are far more rapid and certain, so are those of the other. A port can be much more effectively watched or blockaded by steamers than by sailing ships; and in many ways intelligence of an enemy's movements, which formerly was obtained with great difficulty, would now be rapid and complete. Then we cannot but think that Lord Dunsany somewhat overrates the facilities for naval concentration as compared with the concentration of an army. It is war with France that he principally considers; and we believe that it would be perfectly impossible to concentrate a great fleet of war-ships and transports in French ports with the rapidity and secrecy which he seems to think practicable. He is of opinion that a French army corps, with all its material, could embark in forty-eight hours, and that four or five corps "might very conceivably be embarked in the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Rochefort, L'Orient, Brest, and Cherbourg." Lord Dunsany has very carefully studied the question, and is no doubt right in these assertions; but it must be remembered that a strong squadron would be required in each of these ports to accompany the transports when they sailed, and it is impossible to suppose that the concentration of war-ships and transports would not be known to our commanders, and that the ports would not be carefully watched by English fleets. Moreover, it must be remembered that a squadron which is convoying transports is at a peculiar disadvantage if attacked at sea by an equal force. The officers in command of ships would have to think, not merely of fighting them in the most effective way, but also of protecting the convoy; and the very slightest error in judgment on the part of any individual captain might mean the annihilation of two or three regiments, as but a few shots from big guns would be required to sink a transport. The same difficulty would be felt by the French commanders in any such great naval action as might be fought if a mighty concentration was successfully effected. Their fleet would consist of a certain number of war-ships and of a certain number of unarmed ships easy to sink and crowded with troops. A comparatively small preponderance in force would give a great practical advantage to the fleet which was encumbered by no convoy.

These facts we cannot but think that Lord Dunsany has over-

looked; but, if his arguments are to some extent assailable on this account, there can be no doubt that, on the whole, they have great weight, and are well worthy of what we venture to predict, they will not receive, the attention of Englishmen. Steam, which has utterly changed naval warfare, has enormously increased the attacking power of an invader by sea. It has also increased the defensive power; but, on the whole, the advantages are on the side of the assailant. The invasion of England by the sea, formerly all but hopeless, is now a perfectly possible operation of war, and though it must of course be attended by great risk, this is not more than the risk of some military operations. The balance of risks, indeed, is against this country. In a great naval action the invader might lose a fleet and an army; but, on the other hand, his success might mean the subjugation of England. Able to anchor where he pleased, while our tiny army toiled after him in vain, the only thing the invader would have to consider would be the likelihood of finding torpedoes in his way, and it is hardly conceivable that every landing-place on the south coast would be efficiently protected by these engines, which, moreover, can be removed or destroyed. On what would happen if an army greatly exceeding our own in strength once landed we have no wish to speculate, and we do not wish to follow Lord Dunsany in his gloomy account of a probable advance from Pevensey Bay. This much, however, is certain. If such an army as one of the Great Continental Powers could dispatch with ease were landed in this country, the occupation of London, and the consequent annihilation of the whole power of England, might follow within a short space of time.

It is not a little curious that in this matter practical views based on carefully ascertained facts and figures, which cannot by any possibility be denied, are treated as dreams, while a feeling of security which is based on nothing is regarded as a proof of strong sense and of just contempt for visionary ideas. In reality, the visionaries are those who place reliance where there are no grounds for reliance, and whose opinions are based on a superstition and a phrase. Because at one time in our history the British navy was stronger than those of all the other European navies put together, it is thought to be comparatively powerful still, and people are content with the idea of safety conveyed by the words "a silver streak." Now it is pointed out by Lord Dunsany, and has been pointed out before, that the French have been twice ahead of us, have twice possessed a navy stronger than ours, and it is doubtful whether at the present moment their navy is not equal in strength to ours. Even if it be inferior, there can be small doubt that France could put more powerful war-ships into the Channel than we could, as so many of ours must necessarily be detached on distant service. Surely, then, Lord Dunsany is right in drawing the conclusion that, in the event of a war with France, there would be danger of a catastrophe worse than Sedan. The fancied superiority of our navy no longer exists, and our fleet might have to encounter in the Channel a fleet of greater strength. Of what might, and very likely would, happen if England found herself at war with two naval Powers, it is scarcely necessary to speak.

Real, however, as are the dangers of which Lord Dunsany speaks, his article will, we fear, attract but little attention. When disagreeable arguments cannot be confuted or disagreeable facts denied, Englishmen frequently console themselves with a phrase or a catchword. The use of the word "alarmist" is thought sufficient to silence those people whose unpleasant statements cannot easily be met in detail. Lord Dunsany has, perhaps, given some excuse to those who love to use this word, which is thought to answer everything. He has, as we have shown, overlooked some facts which tell against his views, and has not perhaps given sufficient weight to others; and, though he is undoubtedly right in the main, he will probably, if he receives any attention at all, be pronounced an alarmist, and therefore unworthy of attention. An alarmist he certainly is; and a Frenchman would have been an alarmist who had said during the great days of the Empire that the military strength of France was far below that of Germany, and that a war would swiftly result in French armies being shattered, France overrun, and her capital beleaguered. Alarmists may sometimes be right.

MR. FROUDE'S IDEAS OF LITERARY TRUSTEESHIP.

THE curiosities of literature in ancient and in modern books enrolled are numerous. But since the famous collection of them we do not know that a more remarkable addition has been made to the list than the correspondence between Mrs. Alexander Carlyle and Mr. Froude, which was laid before the readers of the *Times* at the end of last week and the beginning of the present. We do not purpose saying much about the *Reminiscences* themselves, which were quite sufficiently dealt with in these columns at the time of their appearance. The unfavourable reaction which they seem to have produced in the general judgment of Mr. Carlyle seems to us thoroughly irrational, but at the same time thoroughly of a piece with the general instability of judgment on almost all points which characterize public opinion at the present day. That a man in extreme old age, a notorious sufferer from the complaint which of all complaints sours and warps the judgment most, having lost his principal friend and stay, and looking at the world in general in one of those moods which he has himself described as "sour of stomach and of heart," should write (with hardly more deliberate purpose than if

he were speaking) unadvisedly and sometimes ungenerously is nothing very unintelligible or very horrible. That these writings should be flung unedited on the world within a week or two of his death was, indeed, not a little unintelligible. The matter was made still more difficult of comprehension by the publication of Mr. Carlyle's will, in which, though complete discretion was nominally left to his literary executor, the expectation that considerable time would be allowed to elapse before any of these papers would be published, and that then only a very small portion of them would be found fit for publication, was expressed so clearly that, to any ordinary person, it would have had the force of a command. Mr. Froude's conduct then became doubly curious. He had published what most people would not have published at all except in pursuance of a stringent and explicit mandate for its publication, and he had published it directly in the teeth, as it seemed, of a recommendation not to do so which was almost equivalent to a mandate. This was how the matter stood when Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's first letter appeared in the *Times* of Thursday week. It is scarcely too much to say that this letter must have made wonder give place to indignation in most people's minds. Mr. Carlyle's niece had not, it appears, seen the Jane Welsh Carlyle note-book, though she had constantly heard her uncle speak of it. Her first actual sight of it took place last week, when Mr. Froude sent her back the manuscript. At the end thereof she found a note in her uncle's handwriting which may be thus summarized in the very words of the original:—"I mean to burn this, but cannot make up my mind. It may interest friends who come to it with worthy, not unworthy, curiosity. I solemnly forbid them, one and all, to publish it as it stands here. I warn them that no part of it is fit for printing without editing, and that nine-tenths cannot even be edited by any one save myself." It is, of course, impossible to imagine a more solemn prohibition than this. For flying in the face of it, Mr. Froude, it seems, alleged subsequent oral communications, though how vague these must have been is shown by his own remarks, that Mr. Carlyle "wished it to be published, though he would not order it." Therefore, on the face of this first letter, the matter stood thus. Here was a most definite prohibition acknowledged never to have been reversed by a subsequent order. Mr. Froude is convinced that Mr. Carlyle did not mean his prohibition; Mrs. Carlyle, that he did. So much for document number one. Document number two is Mr. Froude's reply, a reply not calculated to remove the impression created by Mrs. Carlyle's letter. Mr. Froude assumes in it the mysterious "I could an if I would" air which is, perhaps, not very infrequent in such cases. His task is very difficult; he did not seek it; he is very reluctant to give further explanations; he would gladly be spared the necessity of explanation. All which, of course, comes to simply nothing. The only positive facts and tangible statements in the letter are, that ten years ago Mr. Carlyle insisted that nothing should be published for ten years (as he was then a man of seventy-six, the meaning of this ought to be clear enough), and that he never said anything more about it, except in his will, where, as has been said, though the exercise of Mr. Froude's discretion is formally permitted, it is conditioned in a very striking manner. Naturally Mrs. Carlyle did not leave the matter in this state. She wrote again, inviting Mr. Froude to explain his mysterious allusions and innuendoes, giving a quotation from a curiously petulant letter which he had written to her almost immediately after her uncle's death, and finally challenging him to surrender the whole collection of Carlyle papers, to be decided upon by a jury of three friends, in accordance with the terms of the will, if the task of editing was so irksome to him. Mr. Froude's reply is in a very different tone to his first letter. He is not at all mysterious now. The memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle and Mr. Carlyle's letters are his personal property, and he is going to do with them exactly what he pleases. As for the rest, he is quite willing to restore them; they are a great nuisance to him; he has reason to complain of the position in which he is placed with regard to them; nobody sent him a proper inventory; he was told that the more he burnt of them the better. But Mrs. Carlyle may have them all if she likes, and Mr. Froude will take no further notice of anything said about the troublesome things.

We have no desire to be hard on Mr. Froude. He has done a good deal of service to English literature and English history in his time, and he has sometimes been attacked with perhaps rather more severity than the case required. His worst fault has always appeared to careful critics to be a kind of mental inaccuracy or haziness which has occasionally produced awkward slips. We must say that in this correspondence this particular feature appears very strongly, though in a new form. The questionable character of Mr. Froude's conduct, as shown by his publication of the *Reminiscences* and by his correspondence with Mrs. Carlyle, is twofold. In the first place, he has done a thing which was doubtfully judicious if it was authorized; in the second, he has done a thing which he apparently finds it impossible to prove was ever authorized at all. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle has produced a clear and categorical statement of her uncle's forbidding the publication, and Mr. Froude himself admits that no order reversing that prohibition ever came from Mr. Carlyle even orally. All he can say is that he was to use his own discretion about it. It is clear that, granting his facts, his discretion remains on trial; it is not so clear that we have any right to grant his facts. But whether this be so or no, it is difficult to find words within the limits of courteous expression to describe the general tone of Mr. Froude's two letters

to the *Times*. Even if he is absolutely strong in the consciousness of his own rectitude, he must know that he has given grievous cause to Mr. Carlyle's relatives and friends to complain. They cannot but consider his discretion most indiscreet, his interpretation of their dead friend's wishes most erroneous. Yet he has no kind of apology or friendly excuse to make. He does not even vouchsafe the grounds on which he came to a conclusion in such a remarkably short space of time, and when it would appear a whole mass of documentary evidence, some of which might very conceivably have affected his determination, was yet unarranged, if not unperused. On the contrary, he makes petulant complaints of the inconvenience to which he has been put, and—still worse—indulges in mysterious hints that, if he is pressed, something very terrible will happen. It is not clear whether Mrs. Carlyle's peace of mind or her uncle's reputation, or the happiness of unknown third parties concerned in unpublished documents, is threatened in this mysterious dagger-and-domino fashion. But it is clear that the thing is in execrable taste; while the allusion to the letters and memoir being Mr. Froude's own property is hardly better. Legally, he may be right; morally, documents of this sort cannot possibly pass into the hands of an outsider without a certain lien upon them remaining to those who are interested by blood, by affection, and by long association with the persons originally concerned.

On the whole, it must be said that Mr. Froude has been wrong either in breaking silence at all, or else in shutting his mouth after these very unsatisfactory utterances. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's letter was not only a very natural one, but it was not in the least offensive in tone; it told the readers of the *Reminiscences* what they had a right to know (and what, we may add, if it had been read before the book, might have induced some readers with old-fashioned ideas of honour to leave that book unread); it gives Mr. Froude's excuse fairly enough—indeed, it gives that excuse a good deal more straightforwardly than the person directly concerned has given it over his own signature. It did not even demand a further explanation, though it invites it, as most assuredly the writer had a right to do. How Mr. Froude meets this proceeding we have seen. Insinuation, complaint, roundabout assertion, and but one plain statement of fact—the statement that he has done, and means to do, what he likes with his own. The whole attitude is as little like that which might be supposed to be becoming in a reverent keeper of a precious deposit as any that can well be imagined. The original publication of the *Reminiscences* was, beyond all question, an error in judgment and taste. It could only have been instigated by a willingness to satisfy the kind of curiosity which Mr. Carlyle himself has distinctly stigmatized as unworthy, and not to be gratified. The haste with which it was accomplished deprives the guilty party of any remnant of excuse which he might have had if, observing proportionately the restriction which he acknowledges to have been laid on him, even when the positive prohibition was taken off, and which he broke in the spirit, if he kept it in the letter, he had waited for a certain term of years to elapse. But, having done this, there could be no possible necessity for him to adopt the attitude which he has subsequently adopted. His proper course evidently was to say, "I am very sorry if I have hurt any one's feelings; I have acted to the best of my judgment, and to that judgment I adhere." Instead of this, according to a habit very common with children and women, but supposed by the arrogance of man to be rare in full-grown and tolerably intelligent specimens of the sex which fights and counsels, he raises counter-accusations, tries to create a kind of cuttle-fish screen of dark insinuation, under cover of which he may get off, and finally, while refusing to give up his property, offers to throw up the really important task of co-ordinating the whole mass of Carlyle documents into a regular and complete biography. For this last act, ungracious as it is, there is perhaps some reason for being thankful to him, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mrs. Alexander Carlyle will accept the offer. In mere literary faculty Mr. Froude is, indeed, an expert; but if this realm does not quite hold five hundred as good as he, it holds a quite sufficient number. In every other qualification for the work, except the personal intimacy of which he has made such unfortunate use, he would appear to be wholly deficient. Besides, he has already earned Shakespeare's curse quite sufficiently, and perhaps a little of it has come upon him already in the remarkably sorry figure he cuts in this present dispute. "His bishopric let another take" will probably be the cry not merely of every admirer of the great man of letters whom we have lost, but also of every lover of fair play and good taste in matters literary.

THE LAST PUBLIC DECLARATION OF LEO XIII.

THE Pope replied the other day to an address, presented to him with great ceremony in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican, by a deputation from various Catholic societies in Rome united under the name of *Federazione Piani delle Società Cattoliche di Roma*. His discourse was not indeed an Encyclical or an Allocation, in the technical sense of the terms. But considering that the Papal organs describe the occasion as being one "such as has not been witnessed since the accession of Leo XIII.," and that the deputation alone included more than ten thousand persons, we may fairly attribute to the public and deliberate reply of his Holiness a significance not at all inferior, to say the least, to that of a more formal utterance. We are carefully informed how for

two hours on that Sunday morning all the passages to St. Peter's were occupied by continuous streams of carriages conveying the deputies to the Vatican; how the Bridge of St. Angelo was blocked by three lines of vehicles; and how no single building in the Vatican, except St. Peter's itself, could contain the multitude, who were therefore distributed over various halls and *loggie*, the grand reception being held in the Consistorial Hall, where the Pope appeared surrounded by some twenty Cardinals and a host of minor dignitaries and officials of his Court. It is described as "a demonstration of loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff on the part of the Roman citizens" unparalleled since he ascended the throne, and "a convincing proof that the policy of the present occupant of the Chair of St. Peter commends itself to the judgment of rich and poor alike." It becomes therefore a matter of some interest to ascertain what that policy is, as expounded by his Holiness himself on an occasion of exceptional splendour and publicity, when he must of course have been well aware that, in addressing the vast audience before him, he was really, though not officially, speaking *urbi et orbi*. The *Tablet*, in commenting on the address, begins by insisting, as for obvious reasons it was bound to insist, that "the Holy Father, once more solemnly maintaining the inalienable and indestructible rights of the Pope-King over his city of Rome, declared anew that Rome belonged to the Roman Pontiff." And it is quite true that a strongly-worded—and no doubt intentionally so worded—passage to this effect does occur in the discourse. But even the *Tablet* is obliged to admit, what cannot fail at once to strike any intelligent reader, that "it was to the duties of Catholics, in face of the unceasing activity of the enemies of religion, that the Pope mainly directed his advice," and that while he was primarily addressing Roman citizens, "his words were calculated to address an identical lesson to the Catholics of Europe at large, and indeed to all classes of men separated from the Church who still cling to the natural foundations of social order." In other words, he addressed himself chiefly to questions of interest to all Christians and good citizens, quite irrespectively of their views about the Temporal Power of the Pope. Now this is certainly the fact, and it remarkably bears out the view which, as our readers may recollect, we have ourselves repeatedly, and from the time of his accession, expressed of the aims and policy of the present pontiff. It has however been again and again objected, from more than one quarter, but especially of course by ultramontanes, and not least in the columns of the *Tablet*, that this view is an entirely mistaken one, and that there is no real difference whatever between the spirit and policy of Leo XIII. and Pius IX. When indeed within a twelvemonth of the new Pope's election Dr. Newman, who—to speak plainly—had been for years the *bête noire* of the Roman Curia, was raised to the purple, men's eyes were opened for the moment to the true state of the case, but it was soon found most convenient to argue that after all this proved nothing at all; that Dr. Newman's sentiments had been quite misrepresented and were really in full accord with those of the "insolent and aggressive faction," as he once called them, dominant under the last pontificate; and that Pius IX., had he lived a little longer, would no doubt have done what during a reign of thirty-two years had oddly enough never occurred to him, and would himself have decorated his most distinguished subject with the purple. "There is nothing so delusive as facts, except figures," and though all the facts pointed one way, that was no reason for assuming that the truth was not to be looked for in a precisely opposite direction.

Those who so argue will make the most of one clause in this last pontifical pronunciamento, already referred to, where the Pope declares in somewhat rhetorical phrase that "by many titles, all of them glorious, Rome appertains to the Roman Pontiff . . . and therefore the rights which the Pontiff possesses over Rome are so sacred and imprescriptible that no human forces, no political reasons, no lapse of time, can destroy them, nor in the least diminish or weaken them." Now on this passage, the language of which is no doubt emphatic enough, especially the words we have italicized for reasons that will appear presently, there are one or two remarks to be made. In the first place it is sewed in, so to speak, like a *purpureus pannus*, into an address dealing with other and more practical subjects which would lose nothing of consistency and sequence by its omission. In the next place the very strength of the wording, and notably the statement that "no lapse of time can destroy" the claims of the temporal power, looks much more like the formal and somewhat perfunctory discharge of an official duty than the assertion of a principle to which the speaker attaches any practical interest or significance. Nothing could well be more unlike what we hope it is not disrespectful to the memory of Pius IX. to call the *femine ululatus* wherewith he never missed an opportunity of bedewing his fallen crown during the last seven years of his reign, as for some ten years before he had never ceased to denounce in the liveliest terms the robbers and rebels who were conspiring to snatch it from him. And there are obvious and very intelligible reasons why Leo XIII. should have taken advantage of such an occasion as "the great demonstration of loyalty and devotion" the other day for putting on record an official protest against the loss of his civil sovereignty. The party of high prerogative, sedulously nursed into power and fanaticism during a papacy of unprecedented length, could not be snuffed out by the mere breath even of an infallible potentate, had he desired it, and it was too influential to be safely ignored. There were ominous rumours a year or two ago of a falling off of Peter's Pence from the bare suspicion of the new Pope being unsound on this cardinal point of Papal ethics, and as the party

who held the purse-strings were the same who pertinaciously forbade the Pope to accept the liberal subsidy offered by the Italian Government, the difficulty threatened to be a serious one. It will perhaps be replied that no such considerations can justify or explain the Pope's solemn affirmation of principles he does not believe to be true, and therefore personal respect for Leo XIII. constrains us to admit his identification of sentiment with Pius IX. But here the magical formula of the schoolmen, "*distinguendum*," comes in with all its force. There is no reason to suppose that Leo XIII., trained from boyhood in the inexorable traditions of the Roman Curia—incomparably the oldest, subtlest, narrowest, and most tenacious school of traditional juristic lore existing anywhere in the present age—does not conscientiously believe in the "imprescriptible rights" of the Papal Sovereignty, and is therefore not able with a good conscience to proclaim that belief, when there is adequate ground for doing so. But it may be equally true that he is not anxious to dwell upon the claim, and would shrink from any public assertion of it without some special ground. We may find a parallel in what Dr. Newman says about himself in the *Apologia*. He tells us how he was charged with insincerity for his denunciations of Rome and Romish teaching in his earlier Oxford works, and all the more so because he had declared such denunciations to be "necessary for our [Anglican] position." But his reply is a very simple one. He had not said a word against Rome which he did not at the time believe to be perfectly just, but yet it appeared to him so grave a matter for an individual writer to stand up and assail a vast religious Communion, comprising above half the Christian world, that he might have shrunk from openly avowing his belief, had he not known that he was but following a whole *catena* of Anglican divines of former ages, and that the principles he sincerely desired to see acknowledged in the Church of England had no chance of success unless it could be shown that they were free from all taint of Romanism. And thus it was "necessary for our position" to say openly what he might not otherwise have expressed, but would equally have held to be true. Leo XIII. may plead in the same way that he finds it necessary for his position to make a public assertion of claims which he fully believes to be just in the abstract but which, apart from this special and circumstantial necessity, he would have preferred to pass over in silence. As a Pope and Roman prelate he naturally believes in the imprescriptible rights of the temporal Papacy, and he recognizes strong reasons of expediency for giving formal expression to this belief at the present moment. But being not only a Roman prelate, but a man of intellectual and historical culture and a statesmanlike mind, he is well aware that the altered relations of the spiritual and civil power in Italy, however deplorable, represent part only of a general change which is passing over the face of European society, and he probably more than half suspects that, for any period calculable by human foresight, the change is likely to be a permanent one. And therefore while recording, for sufficient reasons, his solemn protest against any lapse of time being held to bar the claim, should an opportunity for reviving it ever occur in the future, he wisely sets himself to provide for present emergencies without further reference to abstract ideals which may or may not enter into the practical politics of his remote successors.

It is at least entirely in this spirit that the remainder of the Address is conceived. "I don't want to know," a Bishop is reported to have said to a candidate for orders reputed to hold extreme opinions, "what you think about abstruse questions of theology, but what sort of doctrine you mean to preach to your people, and how you will treat the children who come to you to be prepared for Confirmation." If we judge the last Papal discourse by the common-sense test, not of what it formally lays down about imprescriptible rights, but of what kind of practical instruction it conveys to the faithful, it will be found to bear out entirely the character for statesmanlike moderation and sagacity which so markedly distinguishes the present Pope from his predecessor. After asserting his resolve to defend and protect inviolate all the rights of his See, and the duty of his beloved children to "cooperate in this most noble endeavour," he goes on to draw the practical lesson, not that they ought to scheme for the overthrow of the Italian Government, but that they should strenuously resist in their own persons and their families the elements of corruption rife in modern society, and this especially by securing the Christian education of the young, and "by means of a respectable press." The only advice that can be in any sense termed political is based not on a repudiation but an acceptance of the established order of things in Italy. "Inasmuch as, together with Catholic interests, those of the family and of society are now menaced, it is necessary that you should defend them also, by carrying your action into the field of the municipal and provincial administrations, the only one at present open to the Catholics of Italy." There is an exhortation to meet the socialist and irreligious organizations of the day by multiplying Clubs, Committees, and Societies of an opposite kind, and an earnest recommendation of the supreme importance of working together in Christian unity and concord. On this suggestion the *Tablet* takes occasion to observe—rather unkindly to its Irish friends—that Mr. A. M. Sullivan and M. Victor Hugo, the chosen associate of Mr. Parnell, as well as Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, are members of the Executive Committee of the Democratic League, an agency of Atheism and Revolution, which necessarily falls under the pontifical censure. The Pope however refrains from naming any particular societies,

and contents himself with a general warning against tendencies which no thoughtful man, Roman Catholic or Protestant, will deny to be at this moment operative in many countries of Europe and fraught with serious peril to the State and the family no less than to the Church. There is nothing in all this which might not be said, and has not been said over and over again in substance, by prelates, preachers, and religious writers of various kinds among ourselves. But it comes of course with a fresh force from the lips of the pontiff in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican, and contrasts, both in its positive and negative aspects, strikingly enough with the endless torrent of denunciations, reclamations, lamentations, and more than Carlylese anathemas of things in general, which used to "go on for ever" in the Vatican of Pius IX. It is a little unreasonable perhaps to blame Leo XIII. for not making formal overtures of reconciliation to the Italian Government, even supposing no difficulty need be apprehended—and the difficulty would most likely prove very considerable on both sides—in arranging the terms of a Concordat. To this day, if we are not mistaken, every episcopal Consecration at Westminster Abbey commences with a formal protest of the Dean's, handed down from mediæval usage, against the intrusion of the Bishops into his own privileged domain, after which preliminary ceremony he quietly proceeds to take the part assigned him in the service. The formal protest of the Pope against the forcible occupation of his States can appeal to the same sort of venerable antiquity, and is similarly "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." It meant a good deal in the mouth of Pius IX., as far as his own will and intention were concerned; it means in the mouth of Leo XIII. that, while he is a pastor, politician, and philanthropist, he does not forget that he is also a Pope, and that his high office has picturesque precedents to respect, as well as practical duties to discharge. The more thoroughly the duties are carried out, the sooner will it become possible to consign the precedents to oblivion.

TRAINED ELEPHANTS.

ONE of the late Canon Kingsley's favourite stories was of a certain Devonshire farmer, who, narrating to the clergyman of his parish the wonders of a "menagerie" which he had visited, declared himself chiefly delighted with the "Great Zagazaius." The clergyman asked for an explanation, when the farmer exhibited the "playbill," on which appeared in large letters the words, "The Great Sagacious," followed by a picture of an elephant. If half the stories which are told of them be true, elephants certainly have a pre-eminent claim to this epithet, for they not only at times display an amount of intelligence which is almost human, but they appear to have a keen sense of the humorous as well. Who does not remember the elephant of juvenile story, which drenched the Oriental tailor with water in return for a malicious prick with a needle, which the latter had given him instead of his usual eleemosynary bun? Or that other one, celebrated by Wilhelm Busch, of Münchener Bilderbogen fame, which followed and caught the mischievous negro who had shot at it, and, after frightening him in various ways, dropped him into a prickly-pear bush? The latest account of elephantine 'cuteness comes from Philadelphia, where P. T. Barnum has a show with twenty of these animals. Half of them are already trained and hail from England, while the others are described as American—by domicile, we presume, for we have never heard them included amongst the indigenous fauna of the New World. Be that as it may, the American elephants were envious of their companions' accomplishments, and set to work with such goodwill to emulate them, that they were frequently detected practising in private, and standing upon their heads and performing other feats during their leisure moments or when alone. These same performers, we are also told, having been exposed to a snowstorm, were seized with severe shivering fits, to remedy which four gallons of Bourbon or Old Rye were administered to each, with excellent results—though it certainly does seem rather "a stiff glass of grog." At the end of the next day's journey the "troupe" again displayed alarming symptoms of a chill, and shivered and groaned with marked emphasis, although the weather was exceptionally mild. This time the keeper sternly exclaimed, "Not another drop!" and the shiverings ceased. From all which we gather that the veteran showman is keeping up his reputation, and that American institutions sharpen the wits of elephants as well as men.

The sagacity of these animals was noticed by very early writers. Strabo says:—"Few of them are difficult to tame, for they are naturally so mild and gentle in their disposition that they approximate to rational creatures. Some take up their drivers when fallen in battle, and carry them off in safety from the field. Others, when their masters have sought refuge between their forelegs, have fought in their defence and saved their lives. If, in a fit of anger, they kill either the man who feeds them or the man who trains them, they pine so much for his loss that they refuse to take food, and sometimes die of hunger." A curious proof of the accuracy of this assertion is afforded by the fact that the old Indian elephant at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park some years ago did actually pine to death at the loss of the keeper who had long attended to her, and to whom she had become greatly attached. Aelian gives the following account of elephant-taming in India in his own time:—"An elephant, if caught when full grown,

is difficult to tame, and, longing for freedom, thirsts for blood. Should it be bound in chains, this exasperates it still more, and it will not submit to a master. The Indians, however, coax it with food, and seek to pacify it with various things for which it has a liking, their aim being to satisfy its appetite and soothe its temper. But it is still angry, and takes no notice of them. To what device do they then resort? They sing to it their native melodies, and soothe it with the music of an instrument in common use, which has four strings, and is called a *skindapsos*. The creature now pricks up its ears and yields to the soothing strain. It is then freed from its bonds, but does not seek to escape, being enthralled by the music. It even takes food eagerly, and, like a luxurious guest rivetted to the festive board, has no wish to go from its love of music."

The present method of hunting wild elephants with trained females as decoys is almost identical with the ancient method as described by Arrian in his *Indika*, and he, too, mentions the use of music as an infallible means of soothing their savage breasts. One of P. T. Barnum's elephants amuses the audience by entering the arena, fanning itself with its trunk, and subsequently stealing the keeper's pocket-handkerchief to wipe its face withal. The first-mentioned trick is, to a certain extent, natural to the animal, since it is a well-ascertained fact that it will in a state of nature break off the branch of a tree and use it as a fly-flapper to rid itself of troublesome insects. This is one of the rare instances known of an animal actually employing a tool to supplement or assist the members which nature has given it. The sly and somewhat unprincipled conduct with regard to the whisky, for which Mr. Barnum vouches, is also not without parallel; for it is well known that elephants employed, as they frequently are, in dockyards and elsewhere in India, will work hard if promised extra rations, but will shirk work and deliberately idle away their time if left for a short time without being overlooked. Innumerable stories are on record of their powers of reflection and minute observation. One large female elephant, who had for a number of nights taken part in a certain dramatic pageant, steadily refused on one occasion to re-enter her "dressing-room," which had been built just outside the theatre, nor could threats or blows induce her to move; when it was discovered that one of the planks leading up to the building had given way, and that the approach was insecure.

The following incident, related by M. Louis Rousselet in his magnificent volume *India and its Native Princes*, is another proof of this extraordinary faculty. "We found ourselves," says the author, "facing a precipice the sides of which descend almost perpendicularly for about fifty feet. A path, scarcely practicable for pedestrians, over the different windings of the rock, presented itself to us. It seemed utterly impossible that an elephant should venture on this mere goat-walk; the mahout, however, assured us that his animal would accomplish it. After a thousand admonitions shouted at him by his driver, the elephant commenced his perilous descent. To see with what care he balanced his body! to observe the dexterity with which he put his four feet together on blocks scarcely large enough to hold them! The only sign of agitation he exhibited was a slight tremor which shook his whole body. The rock of reddish sandstone projected in huge masses suspended over the abyss, on which we were compelled to step, and before venturing on these blocks the elephant convinced himself whether they were capable of bearing him by weighing on them with his forelegs repeatedly, without, however, risking the equilibrium of the rest of his body, which was thrown backwards. We were only a few feet above the bottom, when the mahout, impatient at these delays, raised his pike to strike the elephant, and at the same time the enormous stone over which he was urging him, yielding to the repeated efforts of the intelligent beast, got detached, and rolled down with a crash. A moment more and we should have all perished in a frightful fall; the sagacity of the elephant had saved our lives."

But the course of training elephants does not always run smooth, and when the animal is really refractory the keepers have "a heavy hand" with their charge. The most usual method of persuasion employed, when coaxing and feeding have failed, is, we believe, to "job them with a pitchfork till blood is freely drawn"; at least, this was the explanation given by a trainer of repute of his own practice in his gentle art, and it accords with Strabo's assertion, that "to prevent them shaking themselves in order to throw off those who attempt to mount them, they [the ancient Indians] make cuts all round their neck and then put thongs of leather into the incisions, so that the pain obliges them to submit to their fetters and to remain quiet." Under this or similar treatment an elephant can be made to exhibit the greatest docility in the arena, and will show a touching devotion to his keeper which cannot fail to render the circus at which he is employed as moral an exhibition as Artemus Ward's own celebrated "Snaix." We have seen an elephant trainer put his head in the mouth of one of his *protégés* during a performance, when the brute obstinately kept its mouth closed, and was only induced to change its mind by a violent kick upon the trunk from a pair of heavy boots. No doubt, this "little excentricity" was followed by summary and severe punishment; but, we must confess, that to so intelligent a creature as an elephant, the insertion of a human head into its mouth must have seemed such an idiotic proceeding that a little hesitation as to what to do with it is quite allowable. In Baroda, under the late Gaikwar's rule, a huge elephant was kept as the public executioner, and used to despatch poor wretches, at the word of command, by crushing their skulls with his enormous foot. Perhaps this elephant may have imagined that some

such duty was expected of him, and was merely turning the matter over in his mind.

When an elephant is callous, even to the gentle persuasion of the pitchfork, and goes "must"—that is to say, hopelessly depraved and rampant—there is only one kind of influence which can be advantageously exercised, and that is to "influence his head off," or, at least, to adopt the handiest available form of euthanasia. The poor old historical elephant of the Royal Exchange, maddened by toothache, had to be treated by a firing party of soldiers; and another submitted to about a quart of prussic acid, entailing fatal consequences to a butcher who had been called in to assist in its subsequent dissection. As a rule, they are very patient under pain, and easily recognize the fact that any proposed operation is "for their good." There are two elephants at this moment in the Zoological Gardens who have submitted to surgical treatment, the one for an accident which tore off a portion of its trunk, the other for an abscess in the face. The ancients also knew how to treat sick or wounded elephants; and Ælian, in the passage already quoted, gives an elaborate description of the therapeutics employed, dwelling at the same time upon the gratitude which the creatures evinced when cured. On the whole, we need not wonder that Ganesha, the Hindu God of Wisdom, is represented with an elephant's head to symbolize the possession of extraordinary sagacity.

THE DECLINE OF THE SWORD.

A KIND of funeral panegyric on the sword is pronounced this month by an enthusiastic and partly fantastic writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, wanting neither in eloquence of the exuberant kind nor in ingenious conceits. To some of his fancies we may presently return. But his main argument is that in respect of honour and esteem the sword has become a thing out of date; or rather this is the theme assumed by him as the subject of his variations. It is not difficult to show that the assumption is in more than one way paradoxical. For, if we look simply to fact, we shall find that the sword continues a weapon of war, and is like to do so, the latest inventions in tactics having rather magnified than diminished the office of cavalry. We have heard of military reformers who would like to make the pistol the trooper's principal weapon; but the sabre holds its own for the present without much fear of disturbance, and in our own times has done feats of no small renown at Gravelotte and elsewhere. If we take it from the side of sentiment, the sword has lost nothing of its poetic and symbolic dignity. Now as much as heretofore it is an emblem of state and power, of protection to the right and terror to evil-doers. For us no less than for the Hebrew poet or annalist its name gathers up all the qualities and powers of armed force as the name of no other weapon can. It is remarkable that, while we habitually speak of appealing to the sword in a just cause, we do not in this way dignify cannon or bayonets. If we use them as symbols, it is mostly with a suggestion of wrongful violence or tyranny. A dominion maintained by the sword and a dominion supported by bayonets are, for what the terms signify in themselves, much the same thing; but they do not convey exactly the same meaning. Again, if we look to swordsmanship as an art, we see that it has gone on steadily improving for three centuries, and has room left for improvement yet. The use of the point alone, which we pre-eminently call fencing, may have been brought pretty near its greatest attainable perfection; what remains to be done, at any rate, is more in the way of simplifying than of inventing. But the combined use of the point and edge, which is precisely the function of the military sabre, has been so much left in the background that the study of it must be said to be still young. We think it may safely be affirmed that military swords are now far better made and better handled than they were a century ago; but the common instructions are still ridiculously meagre and faulty. The historical aspect now briefly indicated is glossed over, if not perverted, by the ingenious essayist in question, who speaks of fencing as if it had been born full-blown—"instantly great, suddenly magnificent," are his words. No one who had to rely for information on his article would form any notion of the progress that has been made since the second quarter of the sixteenth century, to which time belong the works of the earliest masters of sword-play of whom anything certain is known. There is a tradition given by one or two modern French authors, and repeated by the writer in *Blackwood*, that the art was brought into Italy by the Spanish armies; and there is mention in an author of the late seventeenth century of Spanish treatises as early as 1470. But these Spanish books, if they exist or have existed, are so rare as to have escaped the nets of the bibliographers. Be that as it may, for three centuries and a half at least the science of arms has been a steadily advancing one. In this matter the writer does not deal quite fairly with us. It is still stranger to call the modern French duelling-sword, as he does, the "pallid, sickly inheritor of a fallen crown." It would be almost as reasonable to describe a Martini-Henry rifle as a pallid, sickly descendant of the hand-guns of the fifteenth century. The weapon is not less pleasing to the eye than its forerunners, nor in any way inferior in metal or workmanship, and it is more nicely adapted to its purpose and capable of more scientific handling. Certainly it is less in request for serious encounters; for, on the one hand, it is not a military weapon, and on the other hand, duelling is in decadence. Not only is it fairly

extinct in this country, but it tends to become ridiculous in those where public opinion still tolerates or encourages it. And here, indeed, there is some show of derogation to the sword, far more, at least, than in its other supposed grievances. The reason that the small-sword is not a weapon of war is simply that it is too delicate an instrument for the chance medley of all arms. It can show its perfection only in a single combat on foot. But it furnishes an ideal which must be studied by those who would make the best use of other arms. It is impossible to execute any but the simplest movements of fencing with a musket and bayonet; yet a man who has learnt fencing will do much more with the bayonet than one who has not. So the greater weight of the sabre, and the necessity of parrying with the edge, limit the movements that can be effectively performed with it. Still, a knowledge of the small-sword is the best key to knowledge of what the sabre can do. Sabre-players who are not also familiar with the foil are generally too wide in their action, and hardly ever use the point. Thus it is not the proper business of the small-sword to be called in for common occasions; it is to the sabre as the match-rifle, with its elaborate sights and adjustable scales, to the coarser military weapon. Neither can the disuse of the sword in private quarrels be rightly thought any disparagement to it. For, even admitting (as we do not admit) that we have anything to regret in the practice of duelling, it is certain that the occasions which made duels are, on the whole, less frequent than they were accustomed to be; and it was never heard that a maiden assize was discreditable to the judge or his jurisdiction.

But judges may and do find it irksome, and in a manner hurtful to their dignity, though the fault be none of theirs, to be called on to try ludicrous and trifling causes. The sword may indeed be brought into contempt if it is drawn for idle and frivolous occasions and to make a holiday for gossip-mongers; and this may be seen both in public and in private affairs. Lately there has been a duel between two professors of arms in Paris, which, being spread abroad in newspapers and reported by special correspondents, goes far towards reducing to an absurdity the art and mystery of honourable quarrels that so greatly flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The heroes were M. Pons and Signor San Malato; the former bearing a name honoured in Parisian schools of arms through two or more generations, the latter claiming to represent to Paris the Neapolitan school of fencing, but not, as we understand, authorized or approved in that behalf by the most expert of his countrymen at Naples. The preparations were Homeric; no common blades would serve. The swords "were expressly manufactured for the fray"—a French one, of the usual fashion, for Pons; an Italian one, "after a model furnished by an Italian nobleman," for San Malato. When the forges of some unnamed Hephaistos (the Gods of Gaul and Italy doubtless watching over his labours with rival blessings), had produced the weapons, the combatants met at a time and place of convenient publicity, and waited three-quarters of an hour before all beholders while a forgotten "regulation glove" (presumably a common fencing glove) was being sent for. We are not left ignorant of the regimen they had adopted to fortify themselves for the great event. "Signor San Malato took only a cup of coffee in the morning, eating nothing. M. Pons breakfasted as usual, and his friends say that during the combat he suffered from imperfect digestion and cramps in the stomach." Nevertheless, the full man had the better of the fasting one, or the advantages of fasting were more than balanced by the superior excellence of the French method; for after a combat of more than an hour (the particulars of which are unhappily not recorded in the report before us), Signor San Malato got a thrust in the arm sufficient to bring the matter to an end. The champions of Italy and France embraced with mutual admiration and apologies, and the whole party, including M. Paul de Cassagnac, who had been the chief director of the proceedings, went back to Paris in much content and good fellowship. The reporter goes on to say that duels are more in vogue in Paris than ever they were. We have no reason to doubt his statement, but certainly this is not the sort of duel for which any serious or even plausible apology can be made. The one point in which it approaches to having any serious interest is that it confirms by a fresh instance what has been said by several of the best French writers on fencing, that the sword is a far more humane weapon for duellists than the pistol, at all events in competent hands. But these same writers by no means make this an excuse for the sword being lightly drawn. They all agree in treating duelling as an evil, even those who think its continuance inevitable (for some are for a system of courts of honour by which it might in their opinion be almost, or altogether, abated); they all consider a duel to be justified only by extreme and irreparable injury. The more they speak with authority on the subject, the less are they disposed to suffer any admixture of levity or vain-glory in it. Indeed, they do not much differ (strange as it may seem) from the fundamental position of English opinion herein, which is that duelling is at best private war, and its continuance is a mark of imperfect civilization in the State, just as the existence of public war shows that there is not in any proper sense a commonwealth of sovereign States. Wherever violent self-help prevails, even in the comparatively mild form of the duel regulated by custom, the subjects are to that extent barbarous, or the laws grossly defective. In particular states of society the duel may conceivably be the less of present evils, as on the larger scale war may be in the affairs of nations. But such a state of things, if it exists, is not one to be acquiesced in, much less ought it to be a

matter of sentimental regret in a society where it has ceased to exist.

Our writer in *Blackwood* does not exactly commit himself to the opinion that our manners are worse for the abolition of duelling, but he seems to hold that there is something in it, and to think more than he says. All the evidence appears to us to show that when arms were habitually worn and used on slight provocation manners were not only more violent than they now are, but coarser, meaner, and worse in every way. Very moderate acquaintance with seventeenth or eighteenth century literature will show any one who doubts this that things to us incredible were thought venial, if not innocent, in a gentleman. The best that can be said for the so-called law of honour is that, as supplementing in not unimportant particulars a low standard of morality, it was better than nothing. At the same time it was in some respects positively immoral; and it is questionable whether all conventional standards of conduct limited to special cliques and classes do not by the mere fact of throwing common morality into the background produce more harm than good. In this sense, both as regards the duel, and as regards the code of honour associated with it, we take it for the better opinion that the decline of the sword has been an unmixed benefit to society. The panegyrist or mourner in *Blackwood*, we hardly know which to call him, makes one remark which is quite true, and worked out by him with just insight into human nature. It is that the relative insignificance of hand-to-hand fighting in modern warfare has wrought a revolution in military valour. The soldier of to-day does not want the muscular courage of the actively fighting animal, or rather he wants that and much more. He must endure waiting and being shot at by an enemy he cannot see; he must possess the cool nervous fortitude not to be disturbed by this—"gun-courage," as the essayist calls it. And our essayist, to do him justice, frankly admits that this kind of courage is the higher. But when he complains that in the discipline of modern armies individuality is lost, we think he is at his paradoxes again; for it is certain that the effect of long-range fire and breechloaders, and the tactical methods thereby made necessary, has been not to diminish but to increase the demand on the enterprise and individual intelligence of all ranks down to the private. The regret is another form of the old illusion about the age of chivalry. We think of the pomp and prowess of the leaders, and forget the undistinguished wretchedness of the common sort. What is highest in modern affairs does not look so lofty, because what is below is no longer so mean. The most fantastic of all our author's laments is that which he puts first. "Steel has ceased to be a gentleman," he says, because there are steel rails and steel-built ships. Perhaps the millennium, if it came upon us, would be felt as a degradation by a strictly orthodox swordsman; otherwise we do not see why steamships and girders are a more unworthy form for the noble metal to take than ploughshares or pruning-hooks.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE proceedings of the International Monetary Conference have already brought out very clearly the difficulties of the task undertaken by France and the United States. As these two Powers called the Conference together, it was to be expected that they should have a programme ready prepared to submit to the delegates; and it would seem, in fact, that they had; for, with the invitation sent out to the several Powers was a statement of reasons for the adoption of bimetallicism which wanted nothing in clearness and definiteness. But the statement was instantly objected to by our own Government, and, it is understood, by Germany also; so that at the very outset it seemed as if the mere proposal of bimetallicism would prevent the meeting of the Conference. The obstacle was removed. But, when at last the delegates came, together, a Committee was formed to draw up a programme; and the representatives of France, the United States, and Holland each brought forward a plan. Those of the two former Powers were again set aside, and that of the Dutch delegate was accepted. So far this does not seem very favourable to the object for which the Conference was called together. Still it must be admitted that M. Vrolik, the Dutch delegate, is a bimetallicist, and that his programme sufficiently accords with the intentions of France and the United States. It has this superiority also over the paper submitted by M. Cernuschi, that it is practical and to the point, whereas M. Cernuschi's was better adapted for a mere academic discussion. M. Vrolik proposes to discuss the causes of the oscillations in the value of silver which have occurred of late years; how far the oscillations have been injurious to commerce and the general prosperity, and how far it is desirable to establish a fixed ratio of value between the two metals. Assuming it to be desirable to establish such fixed ratio, he then proposes to discuss whether a large group of States by common agreement can give the fixity desired; and, if they can, what measures should be taken to attain to it; and, lastly, if bimetallicism is adopted, what should be the ratio between gold and silver. This, as we have said, is at least a definite and businesslike programme, which admits, too, of the full discussion of all the questions that it is necessary to raise in the Conference.

But the most important and the most significant event since the Conference met is the declaration by Baron Thielmann, the senior delegate from Germany, of the intentions of the German Government in this matter. Baron Thielmann stated that Germany,

having undergone the cost, labour, and disturbance to trade involved in the reform of its monetary system, is not disposed to make any change now in that system. Besides, the commercial relations between Germany and England are so close that the German Government thinks it desirable to maintain the same standard of value as prevails in England. But the German Government is very anxious to rehabilitate silver. Naturally it is so, for the German Government has still a large amount of silver to dispose of, and all prudent vendors desire to nurse their own market. There are various estimates of the amount of silver still in circulation in Germany, ranging from 17 millions sterling to about 25 millions sterling; and, if the existing system is to be carried out in its entirety, the greater part of this mass of metal must be sold. Naturally, therefore, the German Government, thrifty as it is, desires to rehabilitate silver, or, in other words, to get as good a price as possible for its wares. It is anxious, consequently, to encourage France and the United States, and the smaller nations represented at the Conference, to adopt bimetallicism, though by no means disposed to do so itself; and by way of inducement it makes certain offers to France and the United States. The first and the most important of these is an engagement not to sell any more silver for a number of years, to be afterwards determined between the parties. At first sight this seems a considerable point gained, but in reality it amounts to nothing. For the past two years the German Government has been compelled to suspend the sales of silver, because it found that it was losing too much by breaking down the market. If it were to begin to sell again, the price would instantly drop, and it would have once more to discontinue. It may be objected that, if the United States, France, and the other nations of the Latin Union were to resume the unlimited coinage of silver, the price would not drop again, and Germany might be able to sell her silver without material loss. But that is very doubtful, and, at any rate, it is not to be supposed that France and the other nations of the Latin Union would allow the unlimited coinage of the metal now any more than in 1875, if Germany were to begin to sell. On the contrary, the offer is vouchsafed as an inducement to them to allow unlimited coinage. Germany, moreover, does not undertake that she will never again sell silver. She will only continue the suspension of the sales for a time to be agreed upon, and after that time she will further covenant to sell barely so much as will not break down the market. In other words, with a careful eye to its own interest, the German Government will only sell as much as it will find profitable to sell, which is not a very great concession to the proposed Bimetallic Union. But, furthermore, the German Government offers, if France and the United States will adopt bimetallicism, that it will call in and cancel all the 5-mark gold pieces and Treasury notes, and will issue in their stead silver coins. Baron Thielmann stated that the amount of these gold pieces and Treasury notes is about 3½ millions sterling, so that in reality this is the only concession which Germany proposes to make to France and the United States. If they will open their mints to the unlimited coinage of silver, she will increase her own coinage of it by 3½ millions sterling, which will still leave from 14 to 21 millions sterling of the metal to be sold, assuming that the usual estimates are correct. According to the Census just taken, it seems that about 1½ million sterling of silver in the form of additional subsidiary coins will have to be issued, and this will bring down the amount to be sold, supposing the offer made at the Conference to be accepted, to from 12 to 19 millions sterling. Of this latter amount, as we have said, Germany undertakes to sell none for a definite number of years, and to sell only so much as will be found not to flood the market in subsequent years. But still the proposed Bimetallic Union will have to reckon with the resumption of sales. In other words, the German silver will continue to hang over the markets.

Furthermore, Germany will agree to the prohibition by the proposed Union of the acceptance by their mints of thalers for re-coinage. That is to say, if German silver is to be sent to France, the United States, or their monetary allies for coinage, that silver must first be melted down, which will no doubt add a little to the cost—or, to put it in another way, subtract a little from the profits of the holders of the silver—but certainly will not prevent the exportation of silver which is not needed in Germany to the bimetallic countries. We cannot wonder, then, that this proposal of Germany should be regarded in the Conference as unsatisfactory, and it would seem to be fatal to the objects for which the Conference was called together. France, the United States, and their monetary allies might have adopted bimetallicism without the calling together of a conference, if they had chosen. As they were unwilling to do so, we must suppose that they thought it necessary to get the adhesion of England and Germany. But England, from the first, stated that she would not change her monetary system, and Germany has now said as much. With regard to England, indeed, the representative of India declared that the Indian Government would be most willing to rehabilitate silver, which, we believe, means that the Indian Government would give any pledge required that no change should be made in the Indian monetary system. But, as it was certain beforehand that no change is intended, or can be afforded, by India, that, too, is of as little value as the offer made by Germany. In short, France and the United States have to face the fact, which they ought to have understood beforehand, that neither England nor Germany will adopt bimetallicism. It remains to be seen whether France and the United States, having fully realized this, will now adopt bimetallicism themselves. So far as the United States are con-

can we see no sufficient reason for doing so. As a great producer of silver, no doubt, the United States have an interest in keeping up the price of the metal. But, after all, the silver produced is small compared with many other articles exported. And it may be doubted, therefore, whether the American people will consent to the free coinage of silver, since the restricted amount now coined cannot be got into circulation. France, on the other hand, has an interest in returning to the free coinage of silver. She has allowed so much of her gold to be drained away, that it will cost her much to recover it, while such a mass of silver lies idle in the vaults of the Bank of France, that it would be very costly indeed to demonetize that metal. Still, France will not like to give up gold; and, as the Bank of France is preparing to issue 50- and 20-franc notes, it is clear that every effort will be made to maintain the existing state of things.

The most curious incident of the Conference, and the least encouraging for the bimetalists, is the proposal made by M. Cernuschi that the countries which have profited by buying silver cheap should recoup Germany for her losses in the sale of the metal, on the condition that Germany adopts bimetalism. The proposal is so utterly impracticable, that one can only wonder how it could be put forward by a person occupying the position of representative of France at an international Conference. M. Cernuschi must have little hope that his pet panacea will be adopted when he makes such a suggestion, and he must have little knowledge of men or affairs to suppose that the suggestion would for a moment be listened to. He actually moved, however, for statistics of the purchases and sales of gold and silver since 1874, for the purpose of showing the profit made and the loss suffered by each country in the interval, these statistics to serve as the basis for the assessment of the contributions to be made by the several countries in relief of Germany. The proposal was referred to the several Governments, and we may assume that no more will be heard of it. It has, however, very seriously discouraged the bimetalists in this country, who feel their cause compromised and made ridiculous by a proposal so injudicious and so impracticable.

Probably the incident will do more to open the eyes of those who have been led away by the bimetalist agitation than any amount of calm reasoning. M. Cernuschi has been the soul of the agitation; and, when he convicts himself of such egregious want of judgment, he gives cause to his followers to reconsider their opinions. The incident, too, serves to show how far an enthusiast can be carried away by his hobby. He actually appears to have persuaded himself that it is worth the while, not alone of rich countries like England, France, and the United States, but also of a country like India, with a vast population always on the verge of famine, to buy the consent of Germany to bimetalism.

THE OPERAS.

THIS year the opera season has begun much later than usual, and, to judge by the prospectuses of the two houses, most interest will be felt in the doings at Covent Garden. Not only is Mr. Mapleson much later in opening his theatre than Mr. Gye, but his programme is almost timid in its modesty. He does not propose to produce any new work, being apparently content with the success of Boito's *Mefistophelo* produced last season. He also has had the great misfortune to lose the services of Mme. Trebelli, who has gone to the other house. Mr. Mapleson's loss may turn out to be the public's gain, for already there are indications of a friendly artistic rivalry between this great artist and Mme. Scalchi, both singers having already surpassed themselves in familiar parts. Mr. Gye is more ambitious. In addition to a fair number of new singers, many of whom already have considerable reputation in other countries, he proposes to perform a few works new in England, amongst them Rubinstein's *Demonio*. Signor Vianesi is no longer conductor; but the valuable services of Signor Bevigiani have been retained; and, as the management of Covent Garden find some advantage in the system of two conductors to overbalance its well-known disadvantages, he divides the work with M. Dupont, the celebrated conductor of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels. The earlier performances at Her Majesty's we propose to notice later in the season.

Mr. Gye, as usual, has made all haste in bringing his new singers before the public. The first night of the season Mlle. de Reszké, a "dramatic soprano," and M. Vergnet, a tenor, appeared as Aida and Rhadames in Verdi's last opera. Mlle. de Reszké, though undoubtedly a good singer, we fear will not satisfy the English public in the position which she seeks to hold. She has a powerful voice; but gives the impression of a low mezzo-soprano who has imprudently forced her voice up so as to become a soprano, instead of cultivating the lower register, and so fitting herself for contralto music. Of her acting it is difficult to judge; for Aida is a part in which a very fine actress might make a great effect, but if it be played by any one not possessing the highest powers, it sinks to insignificance. Illness has prevented Mlle. de Reszké from appearing since, so that we should reserve our judgment as to her dramatic powers until we have seen her in some part not so entirely beyond the grasp of even an ordinary good actress.

M. Vergnet has a pleasant voice, and sings well, though his vocalism is spoiled by the usual tremolo; he is not without dramatic musical feeling, but generally mistakes sentimentality for tenderness. He is obviously accustomed to being on the stage; but we cannot give him any higher praise as an actor. The rest

of the cast calls for no special notice. Musically, the whole performance was excellent, both band and chorus showing traces of rehearsal, whilst Signor Bevigiani's great power of command filled up all details. We regretted to notice, however, that he has not had the courage to abandon the traditional violent *accelerando* at the end of the march, which to our mind is as inartistic as Signor Tagliafico's magical scenic effect in the first act of *Faust*.

A few nights later *Guglielmo Tell* was revived for the debut of Signor Mierzwinsky in the part of Arnaldo. He has a voice of extraordinary power and volume, with far more of the true tenor quality than is usually to be found in robust tenors. Unfortunately—perhaps misled by the great size of Covent Garden Theatre—he persistently forced his voice, and thus spoilt its quality. He is a very good vocalist, and can sing entirely without the terrible tremolo, his sustained notes being as steady as those of a wind instrument. He has but one serious defect as a singer; in almost all impassioned passages each breath is marked by an audible sob; he has obviously devoted much careful study to the art of acting, but as the dramatic feeling which he shows in his singing does not come to his help in his acting, the effect of his well-executed, graceful, but utterly meaningless gestures is more grotesque than impressive; however, such a voice and such good singing are likely to make him a favourite with the public.

M. Dupont conducted, and showed at once that we had gained a conductor, and not a mere time-beater. He is very undemonstrative, but on this occasion had a perfect command of his band and chorus, while his reading of the music was intelligent and artistic. Above all, he understands the art of accompanying the voices, for which this first and only specimen of Rossini's latest operatic style is a very good test; for here the composer has broken away from the traditions of the contemporary Italian school, and has entirely discarded the "big guitar." M. Dupont hit the happy mean, and gave due importance to the orchestral parts, but always allowed the voices to dominate. The general cast of the opera hardly calls for notice, but we may mention that Mlle. Velmi, who sang Jemmy, though evidently nearly paralysed by nervousness, showed such great signs of promise that we shall watch her career with much interest. The band of men dancers and pantomimists who have been introduced in this theatre did their best to save the crowded scenes from the effects of the so-called stage management, and two of them showed real genius in the way in which they "loaded Tell with chains," and afterwards induced the audience to believe that Tell was struggling violently with them, in spite of the fact that Signor Cotogni, who played the part, never moved or did anything.

The next new singer whom we have to mention is Signor Santo Athos, who made his first appearance as Rigoletto. He had the advantage of playing with Mme. Albani, whose Gilda was, if possible, more excellent than in former seasons; whilst her voice, which was in excellent order, seems to have gained in roundness and sympathy of quality. Signor Santo Athos has a fine voice, sings well, and is an actor; but his performance was one very trying to a critic. We should be inclined to say that the part has seldom been so well acted, and that probably no singer ever so completely failed to make any effect in the stronger situations. Why this should have been so almost defies analysis and explanation. *Faust* was given for Mme. Trebelli's first appearance at Covent Garden this season; and of course there was a full house to hear the wonderful music of this great and poetic work, which we in England have so taken to our hearts that, were an English writer to venture to treat it in the spirit of a recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who speaks of the score as a *partition telle quelle*, he would raise a storm of indignation from the whole music-loving world. To begin with, we may say that M. Vergnet sang Faust, and, as the music gave him more opportunities for showing his tendency to weak sentimentality, his performance was even less pleasing than his former one. Mme. Albani was Marguerite. The interest of the evening, however, was in Mme. Trebelli's performance, and never, perhaps, has the music been sung as she then sang it, even by herself. M. Dupont tried hard to make a good general performance; but both band and chorus were coarse and deficient in sharpness of attack. The third act was performed as written—the chamber scene being restored, the cathedral scene following played outside the cathedral; the act ending with the death of Valentine, in which Signor Santo Athos made a great effect, after having played the whole part thoroughly well. This sacrificing of a mechanical effect to the dramatic interest of the opera is a good sign, and may perhaps be the first step towards abolishing the effect in the first act, which always makes us think that we are in a country town hall, seeing the performance of some travelling troupe of "Ghost Illusionists."

Les Huguenots, after having been announced and withdrawn in consequence of Mlle. de Reszké's illness, was given on Monday night, Mme. Fursch-Madier singing Valentine instead of Mlle. de Reszké, who was still unable to appear. Mme. Fursch-Madier showed herself to be a dramatic soprano of far higher abilities than most of the artists who have come to England, to try to fill up the place left vacant by the loss of Mme. Tietjens. Mme. Sembrich made a great success as Margherita di Valois, not only showing her great vocal skill, but playing the part well. Signor Mierzwinsky sang Raoul, and though he did not force his voice as much as he did in Arnaldo, the sobbing breathing was as strongly marked as before. M. Gresse, a newcomer, sang Marcello, but, in our opinion, did not differ much from others whom we have heard in the part before. The performance under Signor Bevigiani was extremely good.

Mr. Sims Reeves's farewell concerts in oratorio began on the 4th inst. with a performance of *Judas Maccabæus*. It must be as great a source of gratification to the gifted artist to see the crowded audiences which always greet him when he is announced to sing, as it is a proof of the just appreciation that the English public have of the merits of so distinguished a singer. It was with no little regret, although the circumstance might well have been looked for after the east winds which prevailed during the end of last month and the beginning of this, that the audience learned that Mr. Sims Reeves was suffering from a sore throat. In spite of this, however, he appeared, and was greeted with such applause as he alone can command. The cast was exceptionally strong, including, as it did, not only the great tenor, but such artists as Mme. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Trebelli, and Mr. Santley, with the co-operation of Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Hoare, and Mr. T. Hanson. Written in 1746, it is said in commemoration of the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden, *Judas Maccabæus* in its entirety is not so often heard as some of Handel's other masterpieces, although the work contains some of the master's most vigorous writing. Mme. Nilsson's rendering of "Pious orgies," "O Liberty," and "From mighty kings" was superb; and Mr. Santley's "Arm, arm, ye brave!" and "The Lord worketh wonders," were given with the full resources of Mr. Santley's art; whilst "Call forth Thy powers," which, with the accompanied recitative, "So will'd my father," and the short "Haste we, brethren," were the only numbers he took part in. Mr. Sims Reeves showed that he still retained all the artistic power that has made him so famous, and that the great disadvantage of indisposition under which he laboured, notwithstanding, he was still *facile princeps* among English tenors.

At the second concert at the Albert Hall, which included the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, Mr. Sims Reeves was unfortunately unable to attend, owing to his being confined to his room with neuralgia. It is unnecessary to say that the disappointment to the public was great; and we venture to suggest that, should Mr. Sims Reeves be indisposed by the time of the next concert, the managers might give notice of the fact a little sooner, and thereby give those whose desire it was to hear the great artist some chance of postponing their visit. To take your seat at the concert, and find a civil notice that the principal artist is not going to sing, is not at any time calculated to put you in a good humour, whilst a notice in the papers twelve hours before would at least have prepared you for disappointment. With such artists, however, as Mme. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, the concert could not but be a success, and this was further assured by the admirable singing of the choir and playing of the orchestra under Mr. Barnby.

The first Richter Concert took place on Monday last. We have before pointed out the extraordinary excellence of Herr Richter's powers as a conductor, and can only reiterate our opinion that as yet we have never seen one who has so complete a mastery over his orchestra, and so remarkable a faculty of interpreting the works of the composers with whom he deals as he has. The programme included Wagner's "Huldigungs Marsch," which, although we have heard it several times before, never struck us as much as on this occasion; a Concerto by Bach in E Minor; the overture to *Oberon*, by Weber; and, as the second part, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The Bach Concerto has a history, according to the author of the analytical programme. The autograph copy of an unknown Sonata, by Bach, was discovered in Dresden and was sent to Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, of Vienna, who added a five-part accompaniment for strings, in which form it was played on Monday. After a very characteristic Allegro in *moto perpetuo*, which is played *fortissimo* throughout, follows a most lovely Adagio in Bach's happiest style; and the Concerto, if it may so be called, ends with a Gigue full of the most stately vivacity, if one may coin a term. The excellence of the training of the orchestra was especially noticeable in the performance of this work from the admirable expressions of light and shade with which it overflowed. The Ninth Symphony—the performance of which last year created such an impression—it is sufficient to say was rendered, if possible, in a finer manner than at that time.

OTHELLO AT THE LYCEUM.

A DOUBLE, or more than a double, interest attached to the representations given at the Lyceum this week with Mr. Irving as the Moor and Mr. Edwin Booth as the Ancient. Besides the natural curiosity to see the two great actors exchanging parts, and to see Mr. Booth's Iago in more favourable circumstances than had before been possible, there was as a matter of course much eagerness to see what change five years had worked in Mr. Irving's treatment of the part of Othello. It is needless to recall in detail certain faults which were apparent in the actor's first undertaking of the character, but it is well to say that the difference between the two performances may have fairly astonished even those who were best aware of the amount of study given to the second attempt. Indeed, the present performance of *Othello* marks more clearly than anything else could well do the amount of thought and pains which Mr. Irving must constantly devote to his art. Among the many commentators on the much-discussed character

of Othello, not the least instructed or qualified was the great Dumas, the father, not the son; and as Mr. Irving's idea of the character answers somewhat closely to a good deal of what Dumas wrote, it may be worth while to quote it:—"Pour moi, ce qui domine dans la splendide création du More, c'est le calme et la force répandus sur tout le personnage. Quand il est calme et se repose c'est à la manière du lion: *A guisa di leon, quando si posa*, comme dit Dante." Then he goes on to dwell upon the dignity and self-restraint of "Keep up your bright swords," and of the following speech to Brabantio, and says, "Vous le voyez: il est difficile d'être plus doux et plus fort en même temps." Again, of the following passage:—"What if I do obey?" &c., he remarks, with equal truth, "Vous le voyez, toujours la même sérénité, à part cette légère ironie qui crispe la lèvre du More." Thus far Mr. Irving's interpretation coincides as nearly as possible with Dumas's observations. What Dumas, while dwelling upon the calm, the douceur, the sérénité of the speech to the Senate did not take into account was the fine effect which Mr. Irving introduces into the end of this well-known address when he gradually departs from the somewhat formal dignity and reticence of the opening, not into loudness or violence, but into a poetical exaltation caused by the memories of his courtship which he is recounting. There is nothing in it the least unbecoming either his own dignity or that of the august personages he addresses; it is a natural and noble forgetfulness of the moment which seems to fit the noble, loving nature of the Moorish general. The delivery of the last lines of the speech by Mr. Irving threw a light upon the expectations and attitude of his audience in front, which led us to think that we might have done a slight injustice to Mr. Booth's rendering of the same passage. So far as it was possible to judge, Mr. Irving did not seem anxious to make a "point" at "I loved her that she did pity them," but the applause which instantly followed the words obliged him to pause between this and the line "This only is the witchcraft I have used," which he gave with just the "légère ironie" which it seems to us to demand.

Thus far Mr. Irving's Othello is strongly marked by the restraint, the sense of respect for himself and for others, and the "gestes sobres et sévères" of which Dumas speaks later. He employs a stillness of pose which is perhaps more remarkable in him than it might be in some other actors; but the emotions which he feels are shown by the varying, but never exaggerated, expressions which flit across his face. His gestures are significant, but few and quiet. His entry in the Cyprus scene is dignified and impressive; and here, as in former scenes, his tenderness to Desdemona is exquisite, but entirely free from the over-accoutment, to give it the mildest name, of passion which has before now been introduced into the part. Here, again, he is in consonance with Dumas's idea, which has always been, in this regard, our own. After his tempest-tossed voyage, "voyons si sa lutte contre les flots l'a plus ému que sa lutte contre les hommes. . . . Aussi, quelle est la première parole de colère que laisse échapper Othello?" It is when he is aroused from his sleep by the night-brawl, "Et encore cette colère, en parle-t-il plus qu'il ne la montre." Here Mr. Irving made, as we think, his first mistake. It seems to us that he would gain much effect by preserving the same stillness of command which has hitherto belonged to him, instead of striding about the stage in an agitation which no doubt may be natural, but which might equally naturally be suppressed. The rebuke to Cassio is, however, delivered with much dignity, and with just the suggestion of grief which befits the occasion and the man. Before this the actor has introduced a fine touch in his quiet gesture of surprise and sorrow at Cassio's "I cannot speak," when he seems for the first time to suspect and realize what is the real cause of the disturbance. He might perhaps restore with advantage the entrance of Desdemona, and the words from Othello which follow it. It is naturally, however, Mr. Irving's performance in the following act that is most impatiently watched for. In the beginning of this his conception of the Moor as one "not easily jealous" is strongly and finely marked. "Was not that Cassio?" is asked as a question casually uttered by a man who is at the moment absorbed in affairs of State; and "I do believe 'twas he" is merely a half-playful and half-absent contradiction of Iago's answer, the sting of which has left him completely untouched. At "He echoes me, as if there were some monster in his thought," the Moor seems waked to a vague suspicion of something being wrong, not with his own affairs so much as with Iago's state of mind. His attention is aroused sufficiently to divert itself from the papers which he has been studying, but as yet he is far from the apprehension of that which Iago desires him to apprehend. As the speech goes on, and he runs over the previous replies of the Ancient, the words seem gradually to assume to him, as he repeats them, something, but by no means all, of the meaning with which Iago has charged them. He has a dim sense of disquietude, which craves full explanation; his serene abstraction is disturbed somehow, he knows not, or will not reflect, how. He is like a man beset by phantom forms, behind which there lurks some grim reality which he must, and will, master. In this sense of growing and half-defined unrest the scene is played until at "By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts," the noble nature and trust of the Moor is, not indeed yet shaken, but aroused to a sense of some special ill known or suspected by the Ancient. Still in the magnificent speech ending with "Away at once with love, or jealousy," there is no absolute outward sign that the Moor is as yet applying general principles to

his particular case. There is enough indication, however, of the blow having told to embolden Iago to make his next speech—one of the most diabolical which occur in the character, and after the reference to Desdemona's deceiving her father, and the lines "And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks, she loved them most," it becomes evident from the actor's face and voice, rather than from any movement, that the poison has actually begun to work. The "Not a jot, not a jot," and "No, not much mov'd," were given with the same sense of restraint, and the same suggestion of the first unbinging of a noble nature. The following soliloquy and scene with Desdemona are charged with thought and growing passion, and the great scene with Iago afterwards is played with a combined force and restraint which are excellent. The phrasing is sometimes unfortunate, as when Mr. Irving, at "nothing canst thou to damnation add," takes breath after the first syllable of "damnation," but the passion is finely conceived and finely executed. We greatly prefer the dagger business employed by some other actors—among them Mr. Booth—to Mr. Irving's method of actually throwing Iago down; but to go into all the reasons for and against this would involve the writing of an elaborate treatise on various views which have been or may be taken of the two characters. The "Farewell" speech before this was given with a fine sense of repose and great-hearted sorrow, and the actor's voice seems now capable of taking tones of depth and impressiveness which before he could not compass. In what follows there is one specially fine touch. The difficult and dreadful stillness which Othello preserves, while listening to Iago's account of Cassio's dream, is broken at one point only by a convulsive shudder which runs through the general's frame. In the scene of the following act with Desdemona there is a deeply pathetic contest between the Moor's tender love for Desdemona and his conviction that she has injured him beyond repair in his tenderest point—his honour; and in the scene with Ludovico the passion which has reached a point where it cannot be completely hid from bystanders is yet evidently restrained from finding full vent by the half-obscured chivalry of the general's nature. It may be noted that the words "Cassio shall have my place" are spoken not to Ludovico, but to Desdemona as she goes out weeping and terrified. The last scene is conceived in the spirit to which, to our thinking, every line points, of the killing of Desdemona being a just and necessary execution, not a murder inspired by revenge alone. There is something appalling in the actor's aspect as he stands immovable, and himself appalled at the deed, by the bed on which the seemingly lifeless Desdemona lies. At one point only, just before the deed is done, is there any touch of violence, and this might, we think, be omitted with very great advantage. Mr. Irving's acting as he gradually learns how he has been practised upon was completely in consonance with the fine conception which had gone before, and his death had a combined grandeur and tenderness. It is interesting to note from Dumas how, in the infliction of the suicidal wound, "Talma se frappait de haut en bas; Joanny suivait la tradition de Talma; Kean et Kemble s'enfonçaient horizontalement et à deux mains le poignard dans le cœur. Macready se l'enfonçait au-dessous des côtes, et de bas en haut."

The brilliancy of Mr. Booth's performance in Iago, of which we have on a former occasion expressed our admiration, seems, as might be expected, increased by the great improvement in its setting. In some respects his interpretation of the part corresponds with that of the elder Kean as described by Hazlitt. "The ease, familiarity, and tone of nature with which the text was delivered were quite equal to anything we have seen in the best comic acting. . . . The odiousness of the character was, in fact, in some measure glossed over by the extreme grace, alacrity, and rapidity of the execution." Mr. Booth's Iago is not, however, open to the objection which Hazlitt made to Kean's, that of wanting devilishness at times which might be thought appropriate. We do not by any means agree altogether with Hazlitt in his estimate of the part; but he was, perhaps, right in thinking that the diabolical side of Iago's character should be shown on occasion. In this respect Mr. Booth's Iago could hardly have disappointed him. He is, when left alone, more than a devil, and his double, or more than double, character is at once indicated by the sudden change of manner in the Senate scene after Rodrigo has left him. No sooner is the silly gentleman out of sight than the accomplished soldier of fortune becomes the dark schemer who beats about his brain to compass the overthrow of those he envies even more than to seek his own advancement. The complete command and skill of attitude and gesture, which sometimes remind one of M. Faure, were even more observable than before. It is, however, needless to repeat in detail our admiration of a performance of which we have already written at length, and which gains, as we have said, by its new associations. For the rest, the dash and knightliness of Mr. Terriess's Cassio, the tender grace of Miss Terry's Desdemona, and, to omit other praiseworthy performances, the gawky but well-bred Rodrigo presented by Mr. Pinero, have all improved by iteration. With both casts the representation of *Othello* at the Lyceum is a perhaps unprecedented presentment of a play which the critic of *Punch* considers intolerable to a "nineteenth-century audience," thereby meaning obviously enough himself.

REVIEWS.

HELMHOLTZ'S POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURES.*

THE second series of popular lectures upon scientific subjects, by Professor Helmholtz, lately made accessible to English readers in their own language, will be found not less worthy of public favour than the selection which preceded them. The mastery of nature possessed by the great German physicist enables him to give to the theories or discoveries of science that distinctness and clearness of expression which forms the first requisite for a popular instructor. In his exposition of the facts or mysteries of nature he is careful to use the simplest language, avoiding as far as may be technical or unfamiliar words, in which wholesome habit he has been faithfully seconded in the course of the translation before us, which has the directness and the easy flow of original writing. The half-dozen lectures here brought together from the Professor's academic courses at Cologne, Berlin, Bonn, and elsewhere, range over a wide field of matter, and open up vistas of thought which the more earnest class of students will feel impelled, by the example and the enthusiasm of the lecturer, to follow up for themselves.

The series opens with an address in memory of the distinguished physicist Gustav Magnus, who for thirty years occupied the chair at the University of Berlin now held by his pupil Professor Helmholtz. Originally trained to business, Professor Magnus brought to the pursuit of natural science the love and habit of order, the faculty of organization, and the tendency towards what is real, tangible, and practical, acquired in a well-regulated commercial house. A master of faithful, patient, modest work, he won the admiration of his pupils by the unflinching success and ease of his experiments, with which the flow of his discourse ran on in a harmony that had no break. The instruments and other apparatus constructed or collected by him and left as a legacy to the University were models of accuracy and elegance, kept in the most absolute order, a glass tube, a silk thread, a cork, or what not, ever at hand for the experiment. To realize what he effected in science a glance needs to be thrown back to the early years of the current century. In Germany, if not elsewhere, ideas akin to the alchemy of the middle ages still prevailed. Of the revolutionizing discoveries of Lavoisier and Davy not much had got into the school-books. Although oxygen was already known, yet phlogiston, the fire element, played also its part. Chlorine was still oxygenated hydrochloric acid, potash and lime were still elements. Invertebrate animals were divided into insects and reptiles; and in botany, as Professor Helmholtz rounds off his rapid sketch, "we still counted stemens." Absorbed after the reformation by theology, next in turn by metaphysical and ethical speculation, and later by the romantic and poetic revival, the German mind at length turned back to the study of natural science, which had its earlier development under the auspices of Copernicus, Kepler, Leibnitz, and Stahl. At Berlin, the stronghold of speculation, Magnus was foremost in preaching to his pupils the belief in observation and experiment as the foundations of the knowledge of nature. Though some have complained of his having been carried too far in this reaction, unduly diverting the flood of mathematical physics which had taken a new and valuable direction under the hands of Gauss, F. E. Neumann, and their pupils, Professor Helmholtz establishes for his master a thorough balance of method between mathematical and experimental physics. It was especially, he urges, on problems adapted to analytical treatment that Magnus worked with success, and whilst he followed Faraday's lead in the field of experimentation, he was eager to recognize the utmost advances made by Kirchhoff, Stokes, Thomson, and Clerk Maxwell from the standpoint of mathematical theory. The task of science was with him to find the laws of facts, avoiding on the one hand the theorist who holds it unnecessary to prove experimentally the hypothetical results which to him seem axioms, and, on the other, the empiricist who sets out to discover facts which fit no rule, careless of their connexion with other facts or physical laws in general. Beginning as a chemist, Magnus became ultimately a physicist in the widest sense. His researches are not only numerous, but extend over wider regions than could now be traversed by any single inquirer. In his life of nearly seventy years, closing in 1870, he beheld, and was foremost in effecting, the entire renovation of the edifice of science. In his researches into the gases of the blood he dealt a blow at the heart of vitalistic theories. Laying a scientific foundation for a correct theory of respiration, he led physics to the centre of organic change, from which has been developed one of the most important chapters of physiology. Where next to nothing was known of atoms, or of the extraordinary influence which heat has upon molecules, and heat itself was regarded as imponderable matter, he succeeded by his investigations of the thermo-electric pile in arriving at a solution prophetic of Sir W. Thomson's later discoveries of the laws of the conductivity of heat. Other admirable examples of this true method of physical investigation and reasoning are instanced by his biographer, in his researches on the efflux of jets of water, and the deviation of rifled shot due to the resistance of the air.

In his lecture to the Docenten Verein at Heidelberg, ten years ago, Professor Helmholtz speaks of the origin and significance of

* *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By H. Helmholtz, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S., &c. Second Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

geometrical axioms in terms suitable to those whose mathematical studies had for the most part been limited to the ordinary instruction given in schools. He seeks to compress into ordinary terms the main results arrived at in the course of development of recent geometrical analysis, and their relation to experience. The researches in question being more immediately designed for the satisfaction of experts in a region which more almost than any other calls for higher power of abstraction, being virtually inaccessible to the non-mathematician, the lecturer does what he can for such a hearer. It will be allowed that no one could have made the exposition clearer. Any one who has entered the gates of geometrical science—that is, the elements of the mathematical doctrine of space—finds certain principles laid down which geometry confesses herself unable to prove, but of which it must be said that every one who grasps their meaning at once grants their correctness. If intuitively true, inherited from the divine source of our reason, as idealistic philosophers think, they are not the less verified by such actual standards as are supplied by experience or by geometrical construction. Drawn out as reasoned conclusions from these primary propositions, the general body of geometrical science identified with the scheme of Euclid was felt to satisfy the requirements of practice, and to be suited to the condition in which we find ourselves in space. It was when the linear method in geometrical calculation and measurement was by degrees supplanted by the algebraical, that conditions were introduced to which the received understanding of space supplied no parallel or attached no meaning. To meet the requirements of formulas rising above three degrees, conceptions must be called up of space beyond the three dimensions which exhausted the powers of experience and bounded the constructions of Euclid. To the axioms which to Kant seemed to express *à priori* or of necessity the conditions of intuition by the senses—for instance, that space has three dimensions—was superadded under the extensions of Lobatchewsky, Riemann, Beltrami, and others of the new school, the sphere of hyperspatial geometry. In spherical or pseudo-spherical space was opened up a realm of boundless advance for the speculative intellect. Had we but organs of sense and perception fitted to these new conditions, we might give shape and reality to such visions, to which our present experience offers no analogy. "As all our means of sense-perception extend only to space of three dimensions, and a fourth is not merely a modification of what we have, but something entirely new, we find ourselves by reason of our bodily organization quite unable to represent a fourth dimension."

A travesty of hyperspatial or transcendental geometry has been lately seen in the attempt to account for certain so-called spiritist phenomena, such as tying a knot in a closed or endless string, by the assumption that the spirits act in space of four dimensions, in which such an operation is possible. The notion of physical action of this or any kind passing from the one sphere to the other is simply ridiculous. If in the sphere of higher dimensions there are to be seen perpendiculars "more than plumb," we must not expect to see them realized in the buildings of our matter-of-fact world. The sphere in which we live and to which our organs are adjusted is an aggregate of three dimensions, requiring and admitting measurement in as many directions and no more; in the case of the earth, for example, longitude, latitude, and height above the sea, or, as is usual in analytical geometry, the distances from three co-ordinate planes. Within or beyond this sphere such space relations as the line (single space), the plane (twofold space), or the hypothetical fourfold or plural space, the mind deals with what may be called either abstractions of its own or conceptions for which our sense organs supply no real equivalent. For more ample particulars of the relation of the axioms of geometry to real things, the reader had better consult at length Professor Helmholtz's lucid pages.

In treating the relation of optics to painting, our author begins with an apology for approaching a subject on which his hearers may have had more frequent opportunities of artistic as well as historical study; lacking, moreover, as he does, all experience in the actual practice of art. It is, he pleads, by a path which is but little trodden that he has come to his artistic studies—namely, by the physiology of the senses. The manner in which the perceptions of our senses originate, how impressions from without pass into our nerves, and how the condition of the latter is thereby altered, presents many points of contact with the theory of the fine arts. In an earlier series of lectures he had sought to establish such a relation between the physiology of the sense of hearing and the theory of music. With no intention of furnishing instructions according to which the artist is to work, æsthetic lectures of this kind seeming to him an utter mistake in practice, he addresses himself more directly to the laws of the perceptions, and of the observations of sense in relation to what the artist seeks to portray, together with the elementary means with which he works towards his object. His inquiry naturally falls under a few primary heads. The first of these is form. The painter who aims at producing an image of external objects must first determine what degree or what kind of similarity he can expect to attain, and what limits are assigned him by the nature of his method. The uneducated observer usually requires little more than illusive resemblance to nature. One whose taste has been more finely educated will consciously or unconsciously require something more than a mere crude copy of nature. He must have artistic selection, grouping, sentiment, with some degree of idealization of the object represented. In the calculation of depth and distance, which he has to project upon a plane surface, he must first study the laws of perspective, linear and aerial, together with the optical effects due to local or

incidental disturbance or refraction in the atmospheric medium. Secondly, he has to consider the effects of shade; of the requisite truth to nature of a picture how much depends upon the disposition between brightness and darkness, the quantitative relations between luminous intensities. Some curious experiments enable our author to assign limits to the power that artists may wield over the representation of brightness. A coating of lamp-black or a black velvet surface was found to have about one-hundredth part of the brightness of white paper. A painter's brightest colours are thus only some hundred times as bright as his darkest shades. Another important element to be considered is the varying extent to which our senses are deadened by light, an effect comparable to that of fatigue in muscle. The degree of illumination to be given to the whole or part of a picture will be determined, not only by the strength given to the brighter or darker pigments, but by the force of light, direct or refracted, thrown upon the picture in the studio or the exhibition room. For artistic effectiveness the chief emphasis is to be laid on imitating differences of brightness, and not absolute brightness; expression lying in the due gradation of shade. On colour, as the next element in the problem, Helmholtz brings to bear his exceptional command of the phenomena of light, proceeding to harmony of colour, with special reference to the conditions under which the painter has to work and his labour has to be seen, be his medium canvas or fresco, his pigments oil or water, his picture to meet direct sunlight, as on an external wall, or the softened light of a gallery, church, or room. The study of the spectrum is brought in to determine the combinations and contrasts of colour which are permissible or pleasing, and within the short space at command there is given an admirable epitome of the rules which the painter will find best calculated to secure the equilibrium and harmony of his scheme of colour.

Want of space forbids, to our great regret, our doing more than indicate the subjects of the remaining lectures, in one of which the author discusses, by the light of the most recent investigations, the hypotheses of Kant and Laplace as to the origin of the planetary system, and in the second, delivered as an address on the anniversary of the foundation of the Institute for the Education of Army Surgeons, he gives some admirable suggestions upon the functions and value of thought in medicine, the principles of scientific method being inculcated in combination with the teachings of experience, the work of his master, Johannes Müller, being held up as the most typical exemplification at once of the philosophical and the practical spirit. In his rectorial address on Academic Freedom in German Universities, with which the series closes, he institutes a highly instructive comparison between the University systems of his native land and those of other European countries, the value of which has been much enhanced by the author's permission to modify in the translation certain passages in the original discourse, which had reference to a state of things in the Universities of England greatly altered by subsequent reforms. If for liberty of thought and expression the pre-eminence is to be claimed for the Fatherland, he does ample justice to the freedom and width of training which keep the intellect of Great Britain from overpressure of the academic yoke.

AN UNLESSONED GIRL.*

IN no way can a novelist more easily show his wisdom than by putting his reader to as little trouble as possible in making the acquaintance both of him and of his heroes. If we are to go through any labour in reading a story, at all events no kind of effort should be required of us till our interest has been aroused. When once our curiosity is excited, and we are really anxious to trace the fortunes of some unfortunate hero or some heart-broken heroine, then, perhaps, we can with patience bear the details of a complicated genealogy, an ill-drawn will, or a mysterious lawsuit. But to expect that we shall burden our memory with an account of the various branches of a family which as yet interests us no more than the ancient dynasties of Egypt, is surely not a little unreasonable. We can assure our novelists that, so far as their critics are concerned, they act most foolishly in making their opening chapters a burden and a toil. Some of them are aware of this, and try to give a few pages of lively description, to be followed however, long before any interest has been awakened, by the usual tedious family history. These, perhaps, excite our anger even more than those who at once overwhelm us with all their tediousness. They have, we feel, tricked us, and a trick we cannot readily forgive. Had they waited till we were well on in the second volume, and till the hero and heroine were equally well on in the road to despair, then they might, with some confidence, have broken the thread of their narrative and invited the attention of their readers to the study of a complicated problem, by which alone a chance of deliverance was offered. Even then the reader who has been jaded by a long course of novel-reading may refuse to make the necessary effort, and may either throw down the book never to take it up again, or may skip the explanatory chapter, and make out the rest of the story as best he can. For this latter method there is a good deal to be said; for, if in no other respect, yet in this one does a

* *An Unlessoned Girl*. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. 2 vols. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co. 1881.

novel resemble a sermon, that for its full enjoyment there is no need that it should be understood.

Into such a course of reflection have we been led by the story before us. It is not a book that has any great merits, while, on the contrary, it has one or two serious faults. Nevertheless, as we laid it down we found, somewhat to our surprise, that, on the whole, we had read it without any serious discomfort. The evening had passed by easily enough, and yet we had not had more than one nap. When we came to consider the explanation of this, we found that it lay in the fact that the author had not once given us any trouble. The story was plain sailing from first to last. The number of characters was happily small, and they were brought on to the stage at proper intervals. The plot, moreover, was of that kind which, common though it is, nevertheless is always interesting, where two lovers are step by step taken further and further from each other, till it seems hopeless to expect that they can ever meet, when on a sudden a return journey is arranged at express speed, and the ground is cleared in a day which had before been travelled over in a year. The story opens in a country house in the south-west of Ireland. We have noticed, by the way, that ever since the Irish disturbances began to grow to so great a height, that unhappy land has been much more frequently chosen by our novelists as the scene of their stories. Yet no advantage has been taken, so far as we know, of the eviction of tenants and the murder of caretakers, bailiffs, and landlords to heighten the interest of the tale. It is assumed, we must suppose, that while so much is talked about Ireland, people will like to read of it also in their stories, while perhaps it is suggested by prudence that a regard to one's skin will justify the writer in not taking a part in the land question. However this may be, the assumption nevertheless is curious that in our lighter reading we want to hear of Ireland. For ourselves, we would give our novelists the choice of any portion of the world; they might place their hero at the North Pole and their heroine at the South; they might even make them dwellers in Afghanistan, the Transvaal, Turkestan, or Greece, provided they would keep them clear of the Emerald Isle. That country henceforth must ever be associated in our minds with a depressing feeling of dulness. From humour and liveliness it has sued, and successfully sued, for a divorce.

In the story before us, however, the scene soon passes over into England, where it remains till the concluding chapter. We first make the acquaintance of the heroine, Gladys Byrne, and her father, the Colonel. This elderly gentleman, though agreeable enough in himself, is greatly in the way; and so he is speedily summoned to India. His return we never expected, for it is quite clear that he is marched in simply with a view of being marched out. India, moreover, is a most convenient country for getting rid of superfluous characters, with what its fevers, its tigers, its fanatics, and its snakes. Then, too, there is the chance of a wreck, either on the way out or the way home, and of a death from apoplexy in the Red Sea. However, of none of these chances does the author choose to avail herself; but she brings back the old gentleman to Ireland, to kill him off at a crisis in the story by heart disease, to the great sorrow of the heroine and to the equally great convenience of the hero. Gladys herself is of the usual type of Irish girl. All the young ladies in that island have, as is well known, lost their mothers in their childhood, and been spoilt by too fond fathers. They all have features that, though not quite regular, are yet bewitching, while their eyes are as lovely as their beloved island is green. Their education has not been carried very far, and, like our heroine, they are all "unlessoned girls." Nevertheless, even in these days of competitive examinations, all the young Englishmen who come across them persist in falling in love with them, utterly regardless of the fact that on this side of St. George's Channel there is such a vast stock of feminine learning all duly appraised and marked. Gladys is no exception to this rule, for she is greatly admired by Lancelot Chester. To this young gentleman, and to the slang that he uses, we have a very strong objection. We wish that we could convince every woman who takes to writing that it is possible for her to draw the picture of a thoroughly vulgar man, and yet not to fall into vulgarity herself. If a proof is needed of this let her turn to *Northanger Abbey*, and see how Miss Austen has drawn John Thorpe. It seems impossible to make some authors understand that slang is the dunce's humour—the only humour of which he is capable. What, for instance, can be more stupid than such talk as the following, which fills nearly a page of the story before us:—

"Are you thinking of 'ranging' yourself, as Florence said? I thought you did not intend marrying for ten years at least."
"No more I do—generally—but one can never answer for what one will do. I get sick of the old round now and then. I've been in no end of scrapes lately. Fortunately for me, The Mum is the best old lady going, and she has an amount of pocket money. I should be sorry if the governor knew a few things about me. He's down on a fellow like a hundred of bricks at times, I can tell you. When are you coming to Notting Hill? Send me a line, and I'll be home to dinner any night. We have nothing to offer anyone—it's awfully slow at home now; all the girls are married except Kitty, and she's always out."

We find this same young gentleman owing to the heroine that he had been "screwed," and telling her, as they were driving along in a cab, that they were "in a slummy part of London." He has, at length, an attack of *delirium tremens*, and tells her that he had been down to the infernal regions. His position in life, by the way, was a somewhat unusual one. He was the only son of a wealthy London banker, and yet, through the Colonel's interest, he had been glad to get a berth in one of the public offices.

A Government clerkship is not of that great value that a London banker, in his desire to procure one for his only son, has to employ the interest of a gentleman living in the south-west of Ireland. The reader soon sees that Gladys is not to be won by this young hopeful. He may repent, and become a respectable member of society—as, indeed, he does—but his wife is to be found elsewhere. He is, however, of the greatest service in drawing out the story to its proper length; and, insignificant as he is in himself, he is of no small service both to the author and the reader. For when, in one Russel Laurence, the real hero at length appears, and there seems no reason why like a hero he should not propose to the heroine in a week and marry her in a month, he is made to believe by a cunning schemer, who wished to get him for herself, that Gladys, in spite of the encouragement she had clearly given him, was already engaged to Chester. Having thereby thrown Russel into despair, the schemer takes a step which is, we believe, still unusual even in these days of women's rights, and, without waiting to see whether he will propose to her, she proposes to him. In the good old days he would of course have hanged himself, or have blown out such brains as he had left, on discovering that he had been deceived by the woman to whom he was so strongly attached; but no doubt he acted strictly in accordance with the customs of these more civilized times in at once accepting the hand that was offered him, and preparing for matrimony. A day or two after he has taken this fatal step he goes to a ball, sees the heroine in a white silk dress, set off with white roses and shamrock-leaves, and learns that he had been tricked. He nearly chokes, then, talks in a broken, hoarse, terrible voice, while she looks white, has a shivering fit, looks up with an almost ghastly smile, and then passes into a dry, feverish heat. Why he could not at once go to the cunning rival, tell her that she was a liar, and break off the engagement into which he had only been induced to enter though an act of deception, the reader cannot see. Such a course never seems even to enter his mind, and he prepares to fulfil his unhappy fate. We can only regret that the author does not make the miserable Gladys at once accept the hand of Lancelot Chester. He had, indeed, intended to propose to her at the dance, and really "in his evening costume, with his fair moustache and well-cut features relieved by the snowy expanse of magnificent shirt-front, and his good figure set off by a Bond Street coat," he might have been a wooer who was not easy to resist. However, he is not accepted—perhaps because this is a story not in three, but only in two, volumes. With the little space that was left her the author must have had as much on her hands as she could get through. The heroine returns to Ireland; the day draws nearer and nearer for the marriage of the miserable, but most honourable, Russel; and, turn to whatever quarter the reader may, not a chance of deliverance seems to await him. Not a break in the clouds can be seen. We really began to be most anxious, for the heroine was getting paler and paler every day, and we remembered, moreover, that in a haunted room in her father's house a ghost had been heard not long before trailing its dress. This unearthly sound had been at once interpreted by Gladys as meaning "dreadful calamity—death." No one, so far, however, had died, and no one, except herself, seemed likely to die. We are glad to say that the ghost's credit was saved without the sacrifice of the heroine's life. The old Colonel, as we have said, was carried off by heart disease. About the same time an old lover of the artful schemer turned up from Australia, and persuaded her to take him, in spite of the strong smell of tobacco and brandy that hung about him, in preference to keeping to the virtuous and respectable Russel. There was, therefore, nothing left for the heroine but to dry her eyes as fast as she could, and, when a proper time had gone by after her father's funeral, to marry the hero. A wife was also found for the reformed Lancelot, so that even the most exacting reader must own that, whatever may be the faults of the story, there is no want in it of marrying and giving in marriage.

ENGLISH ODES.*

WHAT is an English ode? It is probable that almost everybody thinks he knows, and that very few people could succeed in giving a definition of it. A study of the very pretty little book which Mr. E. W. Gosse has edited, may, therefore, have two good results. The reader will certainly make acquaintance or renew acquaintance with some of the very best poetical work to be found in the English language. He may probably also correct his own impressions on a point of poetical science, on which those impressions are but too likely to be rather vague. The volume calls itself "English Odes selected by E. W. Gosse," and it consists of three main parts—a frontispiece by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, a short essay by Mr. Gosse, and the odes themselves, forty-seven in number, and selected from the works of almost all the greater English poets between Spenser and Mr. Swinburne. The poems are prefaced by but a few words of introduction, but both in these and in the essay the maximum of information is given in the minimum of space. The printers have indeed been rather unkind to Mr. Gosse, for in a dozen pages they have made him speak of "Æolian poets" and "Æolian measures," things which would have deeply astonished and puzzled a Greek; they have made him accuse the ear of the sixteenth century of being too

* *English Odes*. Selected by E. W. Gosse. Parchment Library. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

dull to appreciate Milton—surely a most unkind charge; and, worst of all, they have made him give to Cowley the title of a “perspicuous,” instead of a “perspicacious,” observer. In such daintily got-up books as these the correction of the press should certainly be attended to with more, not with less, than usual rigour. But the essay itself is an excellent piece of sober and self-restrained criticism. It is really appalling to think of the spilling and splashing of words which some writers of the present day would have indulged in about such subjects as Mr. Gosse’s. The fulness of fact is, moreover, usually as evident as the absence of verbiage. Although we do not exactly agree with Mr. Gosse in his view of the English ode, we find nothing to take exception to, except some rather sweeping assertions about odes not English, but French. Ronsard’s first, or Pindaric odes are, says Mr. Gosse, “singularly correct, although monotonous in form.” This phrase does not clearly convey the fact that, though Ronsard attended duly to strophe, antistrophe, and epode, he did not attend to what is almost as important—the variation of the length of different lines in each stanza. His lines are mostly octosyllabic, with an occasional shorter line or couplet; and thus the varied and harmonious stateliness of the ode is wanting. Again, Mr. Gosse says that Boileau’s “Namur” ode “by its turgid folly relieved French literature of a very useless tradition.” This is by no means the case, for, to name no others, J. B. Rousseau and Esouchard-Lebrun, the best serious poets of the eighteenth century in France, wrote odes not distinguishable in form from Boileau’s, though they contained much better poetry. These, however, are matters of no great importance.

Turning to the body of the book, it may be perhaps surprising to some readers to find how many masterpieces are comprised in this selection. Spenser’s *Epithalamion* worthily opens the series. It is followed by Ben Jonson’s indignant but not undignified consolation to himself on the failure of “The New Inn,” and by Randolph’s pleasant ode in praise of the country. Milton is represented not merely by the great “Nativity” ode, but by those “On Time” and “At a Solemn Music.” Cowley has two, as he deserves, and then Mr. Gosse quits, what, in our judgment, is his proper sphere, and gives Marvell’s merely Horatian ode on Cromwell’s return from Ireland. Dryden restores the genuine tone with the Anne Killigrew elegy and the two St. Cecilia odes, and Mulgrave on Music is at least admissible in form. Rochester’s triplets on Nothing, admirable in themselves, seem again out of place, and Prior’s burlesque of Boileau is only not out of place because it is in place almost anywhere. Congreve’s beautiful piece to Mrs. Arabella Hunt returns to the orthodox form, which is more or less preserved in at least five out of the six pieces by which Mr. Gosse has illustrated the great “odists” of the eighteenth century, Gray and Collins. Akenside, of course, claims admission, but we, sterner than Mr. Gosse, should have shut the door to Warton’s “First of April” and to Cowper’s “Boadicea.” Sir W. Jones’s “What Constitutes a State” is perhaps admissible, and Wordsworth’s masterpiece introduces us to the full flower of English odes. He himself, besides that just mentioned, is represented by “Duty” and “Lycoria,” Coleridge by “France,” Landor by the address to “Joseph Ablett” (we are not sure that we should not have preferred the 1833 ode to Southey), Campbell by “Winter,” Byron by “Venice”—a rather spurious piece of rhetoric—Shelley by four, of which one at least, that to Naples, is genuine, and Keats by five, not one of which could be spared. Among these Leyden’s “Gold Coin” looks a little strange. Contemporary poetry is represented by Mr. Tennyson’s two splendid odes to Memory and on the Duke of Wellington, by one of Mr. Patmore’s “Unknown Eros” pieces, and by Mr. Swinburne’s “To Victor Hugo,” which, by the way, the author does not call an ode, at least in the original edition of the *Poems and Ballads*. All lovers of English poetry will, we think, agree that a more admirable collection would be difficult to get together in the space.

We must now justify ourselves in being “plus royalistes que le roi,” and in objecting to Mr. Gosse’s admissions. The principle is only an extension of his own, which is the separation of the Pindaric ode (in which he would of course include the choric odes of the tragedians) and the Horatian. It seems to us that it is not sufficient to say that any ode which does not follow the rule of strophe, antistrophe, and epode is “irregular,” and that the precise amount of irregularity does not matter. Mr. Gosse, of course, does not say this, but his admission of Marvell’s, Rochester’s, and Leyden’s odes, to name no others, infers it. We believe that, from the practice of English poets from Spenser to Mr. Swinburne a very definite system of ode-prosody can be evolved, and that the observation of this system constitutes and produces the special beauty of the English ode. It is not necessary to keep twist and counter-twist parallel, and to tag them duly with epode, though anybody who chooses may do this. What is necessary is to eschew mere ordinary lyrical stanzas of moderate length which follow one another monotonously. The ode is not a melody, it is a harmony; and the method by which its special harmony is produced is by arranging stanzas of more or less considerable length, not exactly corresponding with each other, and internally composed of lines also of different length, in which the longer and graver at least hold their own with the shorter and lighter measures. This apparently irregular alternation of longer and shorter lines “jumps to the eye” directly any one looks at a Pindar or an Æschylus, and it was at this and at the concerted harmony which it gives to the stanza that those who invented and those who practised the English ode, no doubt, aimed.

The same effect had been in less perfect degree attained by various Italian measures and by the Provençal *canço*, as Mr. Gosse remarks, while the French *chant royal* also feels after it, though the equality of the length of the lines keeps it below true ode-music. It is curious that almost from the first the Elizabethan poets recognized the thing, though they often used the name loosely. Thus the “Canzons” of Barnabe Barnes are very tolerable rudimentary odes, while his “Odes” are mere minor lyrics. Jonson with his classical knowledge came nearer to the accomplishment, and Milton and Cowley in their several ways achieved it. After these two there was little to be done, and the attention to “strophe, antistrophe, and epode,” which various persons, from Congreve to Mr. Swinburne, have revived, is a detail of no importance, and perhaps hardly consonant to the genius of the English language. The important things, then, about an English ode are, first, that it shall be written in stanzas of considerable but varying length, made up of lines likewise of varying length, the sound of the rhymes and the cadence of the verses being so arranged as to make each stanza a distinct musical and metrical unit. The first part of this is fatal not merely to the so-called Horatian odes, to which there is no need to assign a separate name in English, but even to such pieces as that which Mr. Gosse has selected from Mr. Swinburne, and which is simply a long lyric composed of so many exactly corresponding stanzas. The second part brands as irregular most of Mr. Coventry Patmore’s attempts which are written without division of stanzas, and are, therefore, somewhat inorganic. The two most perfect examples of the English ode are almost without a doubt Dryden’s Anne Killigrew elegy, and Wordsworth’s “Intimations of Immortality.” The first stanza of the first, “Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies,” and the fifth of the second, “Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,” are absolute models of the ode-stanza with its complicated and independent music.

It follows from this view of the ode (which is rather supplementary than opposed to anything which Mr. Gosse has said), that there is no more difficult form of poetry, none to be less often approached or reserved for more worthy occasions. The terrible results of the once-general aspiration to be a “Pindaric poet” are but too notorious, and it must have been a temptation to Mr. Gosse to give some examples of the extravagances to which fashion can lead persons of education, and even of considerable talent. Perhaps there are few things in English poetry odder than the odes of Dr. Watts. That on the death of the Rev. Thomas Gouge, of which some specimens may be found in Southey’s *Doctor*, but which well deserves reading in full, is a perfect triumph of bombastic exaggeration. These follies, however, did good in their way, by showing the inapplicability of the style to base uses. It is very unlikely that we shall have many poets who can write good odes, or that many good odes will be written by the same poet, though both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne have in our own day shown a remarkable mastery of the ode-stanza. But, as in times past so in times to come, when a good ode is written it has been and will be one of the very best things in poetry. For collecting these examples in so pleasant a pocket-book Mr. Gosse deserves much thanks.

MODERN WILDFOWLING.*

“WILDFOWLER’S” volume on wildfowling could hardly have appeared more seasonably, for the harder the winter the better the sport. As he observes in his introduction, it becomes a passion with those who devote themselves to it; and, indeed, nobody but an ardent enthusiast can hope to follow it successfully. “Wildfowler’s” treatise, which is both scientific and eminently practical, should serve at once as a guide and a warning. It is full of valuable hints and instructions; nor does it merely express the personal ideas of the writer, for he impartially quotes the opinions of other experts on open questions that have been ventilated in the columns of the *Field*. But, on the other hand, he gives some appalling details of the education to which the aspiring novice must submit; nor does he by any means make light of the hardships that attend the pursuit at the best of times. In fact, the wildfowler should be gifted with the qualities that nerved our gallant amphibious adventurers of Elizabeth’s reign when they went in search of an El Dorado on the Spanish main. This is what “Wildfowler” has to say of his ideal sportsman; and we may add that, should the reality fall far short of his sketch in any case, a man had far better stay quietly in his comfortable bed, in place of tempting Providence in a punt and in darkness among mud-banks. Wildfowling “is generally accompanied by a degree of peril which renders the pursuit perfectly fascinating. The all-round shooter, to be a successful man, must therefore be of a buoyant nature, and not easily put out; he must be doggedly determined at all costs to carry out his plans; he must also be hardy in his constitution; he must be a good oarsman, an excellent sailor, a good shot, and a ‘knowing’ sportsman, full of wrinkles and expedients; and he must enjoy that average amount of pluck which is a *sine qua non* in his pursuit.” We need hardly say that it is not every man who, to an iron constitution, courage, hardihood, perseverance, promptitude of resource, and presence of mind, unites that practical skill in the use of his weapons without which his labours must end in disappointment. As for the greater and lesser perils to which “Wildfowler” makes allusion, they are

* *Modern Wildfowling*. By “Wildfowler,” of “The Field.” Horace Cox, “The Field” Office. 1880.

many and various. The punt is small, and heedlessness may upset it; not to speak of the chances of shipwreck in stormy weather. Swivel guns, with their heavy charges, have an ugly trick of occasionally bursting; and as the fowler is in the closest contact to his mounted piece of ordnance, the consequences will probably be disastrous. Even short of a thoroughgoing explosion and catastrophe, he may still come to sufficiently serious grief; for punt guns are inclined to hang fire, and the recoil is often tremendous. In the former case, "Wildfowler" warns you to wait and give the tardy ignition time to develop itself, before approaching your face in an examination of the hammer, lest you should have occasion for a complete set of artificial teeth. In connexion with this violent recoil he relates a little personal anecdote of how, in pulling a stiff trigger directly with his fingers, he smashed all the nails on his trigger hand, which must have gone near maiming him, at all events for the cruise. Still more essential is it to see to the security of the punt, should circumstances have induced you to go ashore and part company from it. If it is not properly attached, the tide may wash it away; or, unless provided with the bump of locality and a good compass, you may go wandering about the saline swamps in search of it. We can conceive no more horrible adventure in the romance of everyday sport than the being cast away on "a sad sea bank" in a mounting tide, and with the knowledge that the minutes are numbered in which the boat must be recovered. Indeed, "Wildfowler's" "first single-handed punting trip" is so striking an illustration of such perils that we cannot resist condensing it. He had started towards dusk, making pleasant progress down mid-channel on an ebb-tide. Birds were to be heard in abundance on the wing overhead and on the shores on either side of the narrow estuary; but still the novice could distinguish no floating group which he might stealthily approach for a "family shot." At last his sinking spirits were revived by the sight of some of the longed-for objects dropping down on the tide. He stalked them with such admirable caution and skill that there was not a sign of agitation among his unconscious victims; when, as he had adjusted his gun for the deadly shot, he discovered that he was covering some floating hampers which had been tossed overboard, no doubt, from a passing barge. Rallying from the disappointment, he paddled on, till he was half-broken by fatigue, and reeking besides with perspiration in spite of the intense cold. Hitherto he had come upon nothing in the way of wildfowl. At length he did hear and see a flock of birds in a shallow, and approaching them in the shadow of the flats, he hazarded a long shot. Punting up to the spot, he was delighted to find that one bird had been left in the mud, and, in his excitement, he jumped lightly to land to retrieve it. The land proved to be treacherous mud, of yielding substance, but great tenacity. "Wildfowler" was waist deep in the ooze. As he struggled to extricate himself, he only sank the deeper; and—we could hardly conceive such a thing did he not assure us of the fact—the ruling passion was still so pronounced in him that, as he saw his victim fluttering away, he stopped it with a double discharge from his cripple gun. Having effectually disposed of the duck, he could turn his thoughts to his own end. And that seemed inevitable and fast approaching, by a doom somewhat similar to that of Edgar of Ravenswood. By that time he had disappeared in the mud, up to the armpits; and so it was of the less consequence to him that the punt was working loose from its moorings, seeing that he was exceedingly unlikely to have any further use for it. In his extremity, he lifted up his voice and shouted, scarcely dreaming that help could come to him in those solitudes. Human voices answered him out of the darkness; and, to bring his adventure to an end, he was rescued by a veteran punter, who, suspecting that the youth might be landed in difficulties of some kind, had followed him in his probable course, in the hope of coming in for a salvage job.

After so thrilling an experience of danger as that, there is something like bathos in descending to the mere hardships of the fowler's pursuit. But while men who observe reasonable precaution need never jump so recklessly into the jaws of death as did "Wildfowler," yet every shooter has to face the cold habitually. The dress, then, is a matter of the last importance; and "Wildfowler's" suggestions as to the most suitable night toilet will give an idea of the normal temperature of promising weather for the birds. There should be sundry underlayers of flannel shirts and jerseys, over which a jacket of chamois leather will be found useful; while the coats are covered with the white smock frock or overfall. The legs are got up in swathings of flannels and woollens, and it is recommended that their outer casing should be of oil-skin. Long woollen stockings may be multiplied, *à discretion*, with sea boots coming up on the limbs to the mid thigh. "In short, when rigged out for winter punting, a man should look double, or pretty nearly, his usual size, and he should not feel cold even when inactive for hours." Great attention must of course be paid to the gloves. "Wildfowler" prefers woollens, worn as thick as possible. They should be made like mittens, with the fingers together and the thumb separate; but in the glove for the right hand there ought to be a hole through which the forefinger may be thrust, when the shooter, going after his cripples, betakes himself to a shoulder gun. The objection to woollen material is that it gives the hand a less firm grip on the gun. But the risk of "muffling" an occasional shot is preferable to that of frost-bitten fingers. Talking of missing shots, "Wildfowler" has some very sensible observations on the quantity of shot and powder that is almost inevitably wasted by the most skilful sportsmen on their seafowling expedi-

tions. Men are much inclined in all honesty to minimize the number of their misses in the retrospect; but "Wildfowler" speaks confidently from his own experiences, and he ought to be an excellent judge. Moreover, his assertions are confirmed by common sense. As he says, there is no place like the sea for bad aiming, as there are no objects more difficult to hit than crippled wildfowl. The boat is dancing beneath you, while the bird is bobbing on the waves; the shooter is chilled, the tackle of the craft may get in his way, and his best-directed shot may be stopped or turned aside by the water. And "Wildfowler" recalls one special incident, when he and a friend expended upwards of twenty charges on a winged mallard before they succeeded in putting it out of its misery.

In the brief limits of an article intended for general reading we have not even attempted to go into those technical chapters of the book which must be invaluable to the sportsmen for whom they are meant. "Wildfowler's" minute descriptions of punts, punt-guns, and punting appliances are profusely illustrated by engravings and exact diagrams, which supply ample means of comparison between the most recent inventions and improvements. We may merely mention in passing that he is all in favour of breechloading punt-guns; pointing out how independent they make the man who must recharge in the dark when he is provided with a half-dozen of loaded steel cartridge cases. Nor can we do more than allude to his notes on the habits of the various wildfowl, although an intimate acquaintance with those habits is absolutely indispensable to the shooter who, in the words of the Baron of Bradwardine, aspires to become a "deacon of his craft." But, before concluding, we shall select, by way of specimen of the lighter portions of the volume, "Wildfowler's" reminiscences of a day's coot-shooting near Montpellier, which we feel assured will be full of novelties for most people. For ourselves, we confess we had no idea that coots congregated anywhere in such numbers as he describes; nor did we know there was such a resource as coot-shooting on "the broads" to be had in the neighbourhood of one of the duller and most wearisome of health resorts. Lounging one day through the streets of Montpellier, "Wildfowler" came to a dead point at a placard headed "*Grande chasse*," in great capitals. It advertised a day's coot-shooting over an adjacent lake, intimating that "millions of coots" were on the water—cost of admission, five francs. "Wildfowler" and a friend, after "taking informations" from their landlord, resolved to be present. On the morning in question they found themselves on the shore of the broad in a crowd of at least five hundred shooters. They had arranged beforehand for a boat with the services of a couple of boatmen. After passing through a narrow entrance, and duly paying the gate-money at a wicket, they launched out in a great flotilla, amid unspeakable turmoil and confusion. For some time the "sport" was tame enough, and the strangers began to repent having joined in it. There was no wind; the lake was like a looking-glass; yet the only visible birds were some sea-gulls and plovers; when one of the boatmen suddenly exclaimed, "*Voilà les macreuses!*" "and sure enough a large black crowd of coots was visible some 300 yards in front of us; and on narrow inspection, further on, another immense flock of them seemed to cover the surface of the pond." The flying squadrons of coots actually charged the boats, as if determined to force the line; the file-firing was incessant and tremendous; and "the birds fell like hail" all around the punts. After tremendous slaughter, notwithstanding wretchedly poor shooting, the guns landed to break the day with an exceedingly jovial luncheon-party on the shore. When the bag was counted for division in the evening, it was found to contain about twelve hundred coots, of which the two Englishmen calculated that they had killed about an eighth, although only eight of the birds were allotted them in the general distribution.

SOME RECENT SCHOOL CLASSICS.*

A FITTER leader of our large group could scarce be found than Professor Mayor's elaborated edition of the Third Book of Pliny's Epistles. Regarding his author's beauties as far out-

* *Pliny's Letters*. Book III. By John E. B. Mayor, M.A., Professor of Latin, Cambridge. With Life of Pliny. By G. H. Rendall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major sive De Senectute. By the late George Long, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Whittaker & Co.; Bell & Sons, 1881.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Latius sive De Amicitia Dialogus. By the late George Long, M.A. Same publishers. 1880.

Livy.—The Hannibalian War. Being part of 21st and 22nd Books of Livy. Adapted for Beginners by G. C. Macaulay, M.A., Assistant-Master of Rugby. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

First Readings in Latin; with Vocabulary and a Short Accidence. By G. F. H. Sykes, B.A., Author of "Grammar through Analysis." London: W. Isbister, Limited. 1880.

Homér.—Iliad. Book XXI. With Introduction and Notes by Herbert Hallistone, M.A., late Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

Homér.—Iliad. Book XXI. By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1880.

Aristophanes.—The Acharnians. With Notes, Introduction, and Dialectical Glossary. By W. W. Merry, Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis. With Notes adapted to Goodwin's Greek Grammar. Edited by W. W. Goodwin, Ph.D., Elliot Professor of Greek Literature; and John Williams White, Assistant Professor in Harvard College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

weighing his defects, he has sifted the commentaries of the greatest foreign scholars, and engrafted his own annotations "without thinking it worth while to claim every little piece of his own property by enclosing it in crotchets." His text is mainly H. Keil's (Leipzig: Trübner, 1870). He cites Mr. J. D. Lewis's translation of Pliny's Letters as the best and cheapest in the language, and he shows both by precept and example how greatly the debt of lexicography might be lessened would patient labourers but digest one neglected "testis linguæ." His own life-labours of exact annotation point a moral, even in his reading through and noting Silius and his Latinity as a *παιδαγωγός*, to say nothing of the accumulations around Juvenal, Quintilian, and this Book of Pliny, of which he has enhanced the attraction by a short Life written by Mr. Rendall. Pliny owed to his uncle and adoptive father not only name and estate, but also his addiction to study, and "indefatigable industry at note-making." On his relative's death at the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, the younger Pliny mapped out for himself an official career, and with this view shortly became an advocate and a "Decemvir talibus judicandis," varying this routine of probation with an equally prescriptive term of military service, which was however no doubt perfunctory. After this he was busied till his twenty-fifth year and entrance into official life in the Centumviral Court—the Chancery of Rome. In 89 A.D. his official life began under Domitian, and he seems to have set his foot on each round of the ladder, signaling his tenure of each office, save the Tribunate, with some famous public prosecution. Rescued, it is probable (Epist. III. ii. 3), from the imminence of death at the instance of delators by the Emperor Domitian's assassination, he threw and was promoted to higher office under Nervæ, and attained the consulship in January 100 A.D. under Trajan, his chief patron. His First Book of the Letters appears to have dated in 97 A.D., the rest following rapidly, and the last in 109 A.D. "They present," says Mr. Rendall, "in the utmost fulness and diversity one side, but one side only, of Roman life, in all the phases of outward self-expression and relation, of the official, cultured, genteel society of the period." Eminently tender of the susceptibilities of contemporaries, Pliny's correspondence very rarely violates good taste. As a family man, to his wives, his slaves, and dependents he was blameless in advance of his age. In society an optimist, in private life a pedant, he revised and elaborated his letters and speeches, which are often marred by tricks of rhetoric. To the editing of Professor Mayor's Third Book of these Letters we can devote but a hasty glance, but must be understood to regard it as fully deserving of ampler treatment. The twelfth letter is to Catilius Rufus, and sportively accepts an invitation to dinner, provided it be light and frugal, abounding only in Socratic discourse. "If we sit too late," he writes, "we shall fall in with *officia antelucana*" (*clients bound before dawn to their patrons' levées*), where *officia* is explained by the editor as the abstract for the concrete, as in Juv. x. 64 we have "Præcedentia longi Agminis officia," a long suite"; and in Apul. iv. 31, "Marinum obsequium," an escort of sea-gods." "Even Cato," goes on the epistolist, "could not escape them, though Cæsar where he blames him is fain to praise him. For they blushed to detect Cato in his cups ('cum caput ebrii retexissent'); you would think he had detected them." As we are no Catos (is the inference) let our dinner be sparing of time as of cost. The letters to Cornelius Priscus on the death of the poet Martial (21), and to Caninus Rufus on that of Silius Italicus (7), may be pointed out as specimens of almost exhaustive annotation; and, what with the summaries at the opening of each letter, and the headings at the top of each page of notes, we cannot conceive a more thoroughly elaborated *vade-mecum*.

The specialty of the reprint of *Cicero de Senectute* and *De Amicitia* is the reprint of Mr. Long's Notes and Introduction from the "Grammar School Classics," which are models of concise and independent annotating. The veteran scholar was averse to copious noting, and seems to have searched his MSS. and authorities more in elucidation of the right reading than for lateral illustration. Yet his longer notes, such as at *De Senect.* § 71, on the sense of "*Secundum Naturam*," are always instructive; and that on "*Apud Xenophontem*," § 79, which counsels a comparison of the *Cyropædia*, viii. 7, with Cicero's text, and a student's endeavour to make his own Latin transcript of the Greek, in comparison with Cicero's version is eminently practical. Grammatical notes, such as that on "*Quoad*," which he compares with "*adeo*" in p. 24, § 72, are always sound and trustworthy. The *De Amicitia*, says the editor in his preface, represents Cicero's exposition of friendship as founded on the Roman notions of virtue. Mr. Long regards it rightly as a much more puzzling argument to apprehend than the plain, blunt discourse of Cato, and advises its being read later in order. The dialogue between Fannius, Lælius, and Scævola is enriched by frequent quotations from Terence, Plautus, and the earlier Latin poets.

The *Hannibalian War*, as Mr. G. C. Macaulay sets it before beginners in a volume of "Elementary Classics," though not the work of a veteran, is that of a shrewd and practical scholar and teacher, grappling manfully the problem of finding interest for beginners in the text of Livy, largely rewritten and simplified, with occasional details from Polybius. To this task he has been impelled by finding Cæsar and Nepos, and any medley of extracts, ill adapted for embryo scholars. In the account of the Second Punic War there is enough of sustained interest to make Mr. Macaulay's narrative attractive; and we observe that his notes very largely consist of references to the pages and sections of the *Latin Primer* and Roby's *Latin Grammar for Schools*, knowledge

of the contents of which references he would have a good master rigorously exact. But he does not overlook any needful information amidst his zeal for grammar notes, illustrating alike distinctions of warlike engines, such as the "*vineæ*" or "*roofs on wheels*" of c. x. and "*Turres mobiles*" or platforms to put the attackers on a level with, or above, the defenders, of c. xxi., and differences betwixt Latin and English land measures, as in c. ix. The volume has a good index, map, and introduction.

Mr. G. H. Sykes, B.A., claims for the idea of his *First Readings in Latin* the suggestions of the late George Long, and, more than this, the method of as old a "*scholmaster*" as Ascham. This was to turn all extracts from Latin into English, and reconvert them into Latin at a little interval; and Mr. Sykes has thrown his extracts into six graduated sections for this purpose, appending a very simple array of syntax rules, a condensed Latin accidence, and some eighty vocabularies. As far as our observation serves us, the passages are well chosen, and the helps regulated with an eye to the translator's progress.

Turning to the Greek books on our present list, we find that Mr. Hailstone and Mr. Sidgwick vie with each other in treating a book of the Iliad. This is, in some respects, a special book, for the slaughter beside the river Scamander in which Achilles exacts quit-money for his comrade Patroclus, is only secondary to the 22nd Book, which inflicts adequate toll in the death of Hector. In the *μάχη παραποτάμους*, or fight near the river, as this book was originally called, there is no lack of incident, of pathetic appeal or of stirring conflict, the central hero of the Greeks revolving single-handed in his might, and crushing all opposition with his relentless steel. Lycaon's premature death, though he pleads that he is not Hector's own brother, under peculiarly bitter circumstances, does not prevent the vengeance of Achilles extending itself to the chief of the Pæonians, Asteropæus of the race of the river god, himself spurred on by Xanthus to oppose the destroyer. But even his gallantry fails to make head against the goddess-born hero. Asteropæus is pierced through the belly, and his body left weltering on the sands, whilst Achilles pursues the Pæonians without their leader. At this point the river-god interposes to put a stop to such wholesale slaughter, and hurls all his torrents against Achilles, who plunges into the crowded stream, and speedily avails to fill the battle-field with such allies as the gods, Pœseidon and Athene, Hephestus, and others. Altogether, the book has been well chosen, and it seems to us that both editors have discharged their task with care. Mr. Sidgwick, whom we have met before in the earlier books, repeats his introductory matter and his notes on epic forms, &c., in this book; but it will be found that he has given due attention to matters of syntax and construction which crop up. At v. 10, for instance, he draws attention "to the tendency of prepositions in their adverbial stage to accumulate" (*ἄλλα δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ ἄλλον*), whilst Mr. Hailstone supplements this illustration by the parallel phrases, *διὰ ποδὸς, παρὶς, ὑπὲρ*, the Latin "*circumcirca*," and, from Thucyd., *ἀπὸ βοτῆς ἐνέει*. At v. 40 we are told of Achilles's capture of Lycaon, and that he *ἐνέπασεν*, "carried him off for sale to Lemnos," or, as Mr. Sidgwick notes, "took him over with a view to selling." The young Homeric student will find much matter for inquiry and a fertile field in this book of Homer, which is possibly designed for a book to be examined in. Perhaps we should single out Mr. Hailstone's notes as the more various of the two, the specialty of Mr. Sidgwick's being epic forms and derivations.

Mr. Merry's instalment of the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes is a very creditable earnest of a handy edition of Attic comedy from the Clarendon Press. The *Acharnians* has always been a popular, amusing, harmless play, designed to depict the charms of country life for the peace-loving Athenians, and sparkling with wit and humour in its various situations from first to last. It would be hard to find a livelier introduction to Aristophanic comedy than this sprightly play, so well and thoroughly edited as it is. Perhaps it is characteristic of Mr. Merry that he gives comparatively little play to the punster spirit which possessed Mitchell, Walsh, Green, and other Aristophanic scholars; though at times it will have its way, as when, in 234, Aristophanes introduces the words *βλέπειν βαλλήναδε*, "to keep a sharp look out towards Pallene" (a well-known field of action), and by a punning play on words the implication is "to wear a look that threatens pelting." Here Mr. Merry suggests that it might serve our purpose to translate "to look like 'Hurlingham'"; just as, in 406, he would make *Χαλλεῖδης*, possibly only a fanciful name, invented to enlist the sympathies of Euripides with a member of the hamlet of lame beggars, *χαλῶν*, "a wardman of Cripplegate or Crutched Friars." But it will be found on examination that the pains bestowed on a thorough perception of the point of the play is equable and minute. But it is impossible to do justice to such careful work in a general article. The reader will find Mr. Merry's work especially accurate as touching historical and dramatic allusions, and the salient points of the play, which is one to be recommended as a taste of the Attic comedy.

The last book on our list is a new idea from our American cousins, an idea from two Professors of Greek Literature in the University of Harvard, from which we may with advantage take a hint. Professing to edit the first four books of the *Anabasis* on the principle of equal division of work, Mr. White prepares the notes to Books I. and II., Mr. Goodwin to Books III. and IV.; but the labour of Book I. has been obviously the heaviest, because, that surmounted, a great deal of the rest is reiteration and reference. In truth, these notes give the impres-

sion of elaborated method, and, while profuse in disowning pretensions to great learning and research, rely entirely on systematic grammatical aid thoroughly and frequently indoctrinated. The history is warranted by its being based on the teaching of Mr. Grote; the geography assured by a handy map copied chiefly from Kiepert's map in Rehdantz's German edition of the *Anabasis* (1873); and whilst we have rarely seen a classical edition of an author in which fewer words were wasted, we have a strong belief that a sturdy growth of scholars would be likely to follow from the practice and instruction of Messrs. Goodwin and White's teaching.

AN OCEAN FREE-LANCE.*

THE late Emile Gaboriau chose a spy as the central figure of his most remarkable novels, and Mr. Clark Russell, inspired doubtless by the same desire for originality which prompted this eccentric choice, has in his latest work endeavoured to make a hero of a privateersman. He certainly deserves some credit for his audacity, as it would be difficult to conceive a less promising subject; for even those who have the least sympathy with the humanitarian sentiment of our time are little likely to feel anything but contempt for the men who went forth, not to fight for their country, but to prey on unarmed ships for the sake merely of gain. In some cases, no doubt, the privateersmen of the old war were men of courage and enterprise; but the record of their achievements is not large, and, as a rule, their sole object was booty. In one respect, indeed, they were below pirates, for the pirate sailed with a rope round his neck, while the privateer seaman had nothing more than gaol to fear. Very hard, indeed, is it to feel any sympathy with those mercenary sailors, but nevertheless a writer of true literary skill, thoroughly acquainted with the naval history of the great war, and with the character of the seamen of that day, might possibly turn the really despicable privateersman into something like an heroic figure, just as the French author above mentioned has made a spy seem noble. Mr. Clark Russell, as we shall presently show, possesses none of these qualifications, but he has notwithstanding boldly striven to make privateersmen attractive, and in doing so has certainly given proof of possessing as a writer that virtue which his favourites occasionally lacked—unhesitating, not to say unthinking, courage.

The story of *An Ocean Free-Lance*, in some respects one of the funniest that even the eccentric novel-writers of our day have produced, is told in the first person, and is supposed to be the narrative of Mr. Madison, first mate of the privateer schooner *Tigress*, which worried the French in 1812. Mr. Clark Russell is one of those edifying writers who, not content with exercising their own imaginations, make some demand on the imagination of their readers; and certainly any reader who is so far carried away by this romance as to believe for an instant that Mr. Madison's language bears the smallest resemblance to that of a sailor of George III.'s time will give proof of imaginative power of a very high order. This rough child of the ocean shows a most remarkable command of the jargon, which for want of a better name we will call late Ruskinese, and is a complete master of the colourman's catalogue style of writing, known as word-painting, which became fashionable some fifty years or so after the time when he is supposed to have flourished. The following are fair specimens of his descriptions:—

The clouds were now tumbling up out of the sea, and slanting athwart the stars pretty thickly, and the water was full of shadows, amid which the moonshine fell down in lines like slender cascades of molten silver, touching the black troubled surface here and there with points of brilliance as sparkling as the flash of diamonds, while the breaking waves glittered like the star-dust in the sky, as their foam crossed the path of these beams.

Her [the *Endymion*'] double lines of guns grinned along the white streaks, and the green and foamy surges topping against her huge side looked, by contrast with her bulk, no more than the ripples of an inland lake. Her long pennant flashed like a line of fire against the deep azure, and, starting from that great altitude, the eye ran down a succession of widening sails and spars of black rope, and the exquisite lacework of the thin, running gear. . . . And a small bed of foam hung like a heap of snow at her stem, and twinkled frostily along the gold-bronze metal armour that sheathed her bottom.

These brave words truly, very fine English indeed, and singularly like the utterances of the mate of a privateer in the year 1812. No doubt a writer cannot help using the language of his own time, but no writer is justified in going out of his way to use a strongly-marked style which belongs as essentially to his own time as euphuism did to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Clark Russell would scarcely have been guilty of a greater anachronism if he had made his first mate look out for steamers in the Channel and speculate on the news by the Atlantic cable. Anachronisms may, however, be pardoned for the sake of a stirring story, and a stirring story the author has certainly endeavoured to produce by making his hero perform feats as remarkable as those of Amadis of Gaul or Jack the Giant-Killer. The real hero of the tale is not, we should observe, the word-painting Mr. Madison, but one Shelvocke, who, it seems, was an actual, living sea captain, who commanded a privateer in the latter years of the war. At the time when the story opens this person has just been appointed to the command of the schooner

Tigress, which is described as of 323 tons. This, by the way, would have been a most astounding size for a schooner in the year 1812; but we do not quarrel with it, as a vessel which had to carry so singular a commander as Captain Shelvocke appears to have been and so peculiar a first mate as Mr. Madison must needs have been an exceptional one. With these two skilful officers on board, and two others under them, the schooner hauls out of dock, drops down to Erith to take her powder on board, and then sails down the Thames. According to the narrator of her exploits, she excited great attention as she glided along the river, and here, doubtless, is a touch of truth, for assuredly, had such a vessel as the *Tigress* been seen on the Thames at the time he speaks of, she would have occasioned no small excitement. Possibly, however, any one who had gone on board her might have felt some doubt as to her being formidable to the French. Although everything about her first sail is described with the minutest detail, we never learn that either in the Thames or out of it the valorous Captain Shelvocke ever told the men off to quarters, i.e. to their stations at the guns, ever named captains of guns, ever made the most elementary preparation for fighting his ship. The author is apparently of opinion that naval gunnery comes naturally to seamen, and that no kind of stationing or practice is necessary for those who may be called on at any moment to fight the guns. Most devoutly must many a weary first lieutenant and gunnery officer have wished that it were so. However, Mr. Clark Russell is a merchant seaman, and it would not be fair to be hard on a merchant seaman for being totally ignorant on this point; but with regard to seamanship he ought to be exact, and it must be said that the seamanship of his hero is of a peculiar kind. We learn that when the vessel was abreast of Sheerness the wind had got to the north. She was sailing along the coast to the eastwards, and therefore had the wind abeam or a little abaft the beam, yet we are told that Captain Shelvocke furled his square canvas; and from a passage at p. 59 it appears that his mainsheet was well in. Seemingly, this eccentric privateersman was under the impression that a schooner could only carry her square foretopsail when the wind was on the quarter, or dead aft, and that the mainsheet ought to be in with the wind abeam. To do Captain Shelvocke justice, however, although he could neither station men at guns nor handle his ship, he could, as became a hero of romance, make a speech. At sunset he calls the hands, not to tell his men to look to breechings and tackles, or to teach them to train, elevate, depress, and aim, but to talk some feeble stuff to them wherewith they are greatly contented—their intuitive knowledge of gunnery being doubtless made perfect by the captain's words. Very shortly they have an opportunity of availing themselves of their heaven-granted gift, for adventures come thick and fast to the *Tigress*. During the night a voice is heard from the waters, and two sails are sighted. The man who hailed from the deep is picked up, and turns out to be one of the crew of a smuggling cutter which has been taken by a French lugger. The cutter is burnt by the crew of this vessel, which, of course, tries to escape; but the swift *Tigress* follows, and marvellous is the skill shown by the intuitive gunners. Although the light is so deceptive that Captain Shelvocke cannot tell whether the chase is two miles off or five, his men hull her with such precision that she sinks in an attempt to reach a shallow channel in the Goodwins; at which the gallant Shelvocke is aghast, as well he might be. Before very long, however, adventure comes to sweep away all feeling for the drowned men. Having fought in the dark, the *Tigress* proceeds to fight in a fog, and we certainly think that a fog must have been more congenial than anything else to such a very dazed person as Captain Shelvocke. A thick mist comes on; but the crowing of that obtrusive bird a cock reveals the fact that there is a vessel near the schooner, and a momentary lifting of the fog shows her to be a large ship, and speedily an action begins. The stranger, of course, is captured, and turns out to be an English vessel which has been taken by a French privateer, and has a prize crew on board. Very remarkable, indeed, must have been the courage of the French privateersmen, as they succeeded in cutting out the merchantman when an English brig of war was close to her. Truly Mr. Clark Russell is daring in his incidents; and he is—unconsciously, perhaps—true to nature when he makes the idiotic merchant captain who has been caught napping complain of the cowardice of French privateersmen.

At the time when the dull fellow makes this singular accusation the *Tigress* has been, so far as we can make out, rather less than twenty-four hours at sea, and during this period has sunk one vessel and recaptured another. She is not to be allowed any rest, however, for scarcely have the foolish merchant skipper and Captain Shelvocke gone below when a sail is sighted on the port quarter. She is speedily made out to be an armed vessel, as fifteen "gunports"—to use the author's word—are counted on her side, and Mr. Madison pronounces her "as stout a twelve-hundred-ton ship as ever was launched." She is afterwards described as "a 38-gun corvette," carrying—Heaven save the mark—twenty-six 64-pounder carronades and some long 18's. It is scarcely necessary to point out the absurdity of this description. In those days a vessel of twelve hundred tons carrying thirty-eight guns would have been a frigate, and would have been thought a large frigate. The three famous ships set adrift by the Americans, which were regarded as perfect Titans amongst frigates, were of fifteen hundred tons only. However, we must not be angry with Mr. Clark Russell. Having put his maudlin captain on board a nearly impossible schooner, it is only natural that he should make him

* *An Ocean Free-Lance; from a Privateersman's Log, 1812.* By W. Clark Russell, Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

fight an utterly impossible corvette. To criticize the long account of the conflict between the two vessels would be a waste of time; but one point may be noticed. The only conceivable chance for a vessel like the *Tigress* in such an action would be to keep at a great distance from her antagonist. She is, however, brought within easy range. The proceeding, no doubt, seems eminently characteristic of such an unmitigated booby as Captain Shelvoche appears to be in the pages of *An Ocean Free-Lance*; but it would have inevitably resulted in his schooner being blown out of the water. Unfortunately, Mr. Clark Russell is not content even with a novelist's privilege of making his imaginary vessel do wonderful things and escape when she ought to have been destroyed. He must needs deal with a real vessel, with an actual man-of-war which once floated the salt seas. Towards the end of the action an English war ship appears, and we are informed that her name was the *Endymion*, and more than once that she was a two-decker. As a matter of fact, the *Endymion* was a frigate, and a very famous frigate. She was afloat in the summer of 1812, and then carried twenty-six long 24's on main-deck and eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 9's on quarter-deck and fore-castle. Afterwards her battery was increased. She is, as we need hardly say, celebrated as having been the ship which virtually captured the *President*, though that vessel actually surrendered to the *Pomone*. Very strange is it, then, that Mr. Clark should speak of the *Endymion* as a line-of-battle ship; but stranger still is it that he should not be content with this blunder, but should go on to make the French lieutenant of the captured vessel inform Mr. Madison that the *Endymion* was once the *Renommée*, and carried the flag of Admiral Villebert. Who Admiral Villebert may have been we are not aware, history being silent as to his exploits. Can Mr. Clark Russell mean Admiral Villeneuve, and is it possible that he does not know the name of the famous and unfortunate French officer who commanded at Trafalgar? The *Renommée* never carried the flag of Admiral Villeneuve, and indeed was not a line-of-battle ship, but a frigate. She did carry the flag of Commodore Roquebert, who, when in command of her, achieved the very rare distinction of taking an English frigate. Aided by several consorts, the *Renommée* captured, on December 13, 1809, the British ship *Junon*. The disaster was subsequently avenged by Captain Charles Schomberg, who, in the action off Tamatave, fought on May 20, 1811, made a prize of the *Renommée*, the gallant Commodore Roquebert being killed in the engagement.

Most unlucky, then, has Mr. Clark Russell been in his choice of names, and after these proofs of his want of knowledge of the naval history of the period to which he has chosen to assign his story, and the sample we have given of his narrative, our readers will scarcely wish us to pursue further his account of the cruise of the *Tigress*. A variety of remarkable adventures befall the feeble captain and sentimental first mate of that vessel; and on one occasion the author goes out of his way to show that he knows as little of American as he does of French or English men-of-war. When a vessel which is sighted proves to be an American, Captain Shelvoche exclaims, "Do you know that she may prove the *Constitution*, or the *Hornet*, or worse still, the *President*? one of those vessels I'll swear she is; in which case she will be carrying over fifty guns and four hundred men." Every one who has glanced at the history of the war between Great Britain and the United States must know that the *Constitution* and *President* were huge frigates, and the *Hornet* a 20-gun sloop. The *Tigress*, as need scarcely be said, escapes from the American; but the description of the escape is faulty. An American frigate in the position described—namely, on the schooner's weather quarter, and a league to windward—would have quickly caught her without the smallest difficulty. Mr. Clark Russell overlooks the difference which size makes in the relative speed of vessels. After this escape the *Tigress* recaptures an English merchantman which had been taken by a Yankee privateer. On board her Mr. Madison discovers Miss Madeline Palmer, with whom he had previously fallen in love, and to his great delight he finds himself in charge of the recaptured ship with this young lady under his care. After a time the ship takes fire, and the privateersman and the damsel are left adrift in a boat, but of course no harm can come even to a subordinate hero of romance. Having found his lady-love in one ship, Mr. Madison finds his future father-in-law in another, for on board an English man-of-war which picks the two up is Colonel Palmer, the parent of Miss Madeline. The Colonel benignly approves of a union between his daughter and the privateersman; and, with a picture of the happiness of the lovers, the marvellous tale comes to an end.

So far as it is possible to criticize seriously *An Ocean Free-Lance*, it must be severely condemned. The author has chosen an unpleasant subject; and, in an attempt to redeem its unpleasant character, has only succeeded in making his narrative ridiculous. On the strength of some acquaintance with the modern merchant service he has tried to tell a story of the old war. That he should have attempted a task for which he is unfitted is to be regretted, as, despite his passion for word-painting, he has considerable ability. He has shown in his previous works that he can describe life on board a merchantman extremely well, and his love-scenes are sometimes pretty. To the adventures of cargo-carrying ships and the flirtations of sentimental first mates with very nice and well-behaved young ladies he had better confine himself in future, for the ships and sailors of the great war are beyond his power of limning.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. W. D. HAY'S *Three Hundred Years Hence* (1) is better than some other works of the Utopian or (to borrow M. Renouvier's coinage) Uchronian kind that we have seen, but not up to the level of the best. The book consists of a popular course of lectures supposed to be delivered A.D. 2180 by the Professor of History in a mid-Atlantic city built (as all inhabited cities by that time are) in the manner of a gigantic lake-dwelling. The surface of the earth has been found too valuable for agriculture, in view of the enormous increase of population, to be any longer encumbered with buildings, and there has been a general exodus of mankind to new cities out at sea. Venice may perhaps have been allowed to go on existing, though it is not mentioned. The ancient buildings and monuments deemed worthy of preservation have been moved bodily to the new sites, a feat which presents no difficulty to the engineering of the twenty-first or twenty-second century. Wars between civilized nations have come to an end in the twentieth century, the means of destruction supplied to the European Powers by American inventors having made fighting impossible. Monarchy has become extinct along with war, and the peaceful progress of mankind, now allied in a single and indivisible oecumenical commonwealth, and using English (it would be a sad kind of pigeon-English, we fear) as their universal language, has been interrupted only by the painful necessity of exterminating the Chinese and Negro races, which have shown themselves hopelessly irreclaimable by attempting to levy war on the white man. The other inferior varieties of man have been painlessly extinguished by absorption in the growing and spreading white population. Even the domestic animals have disappeared as superfluous, and mammalia in general exist only by the special preservation of a limited number as curiosities. No particulars are given of the doubtless excellent substitutes for butter and milk which are to appear at the breakfast-table of the future, nor are we told of what stuff the man of the future will make his coats and shoes. But the chemistry of the future will of course provide for all this. In addition to the ocean cities there are a good many submarine and subterranean establishments for various purposes, where with electric lighting and artificial atmospheres people find life not only practicable but pleasant. Air-ships are the common mode of conveyance, and railways have become obsolete except in the underground workings, where they are still used in an improved form for travelling and commerce. All smoke is abolished, and the weather is regulated by a body of meritorious and hard-working specialists officially set apart for that purpose. The fashions and tone of society are set by an elective Empress, for whom a splendid Court is kept up in the South Sea Islands, and who has no political function whatever. A judicious silence is observed on the state of literature and the fine arts. Mr. Hay's Wagnerian readers, if he has any, may dream of gorgeous performances of the Nibelung trilogy (by that time venerable, and pleasing by its archaic simplicity) in the new cities of the sea, or his Philistine ones may suppose all music above the compass of an improved barrel-organ to have been abandoned by those more enlightened ages.

There is a good deal about the progress of science and invention; and, as one might expect by the nature of the case, this is the weakest point of Mr. Hay's work. To do it well would require a thoroughly sound foundation of general physics and a considerable detailed acquaintance with one or two special sciences, besides a powerful constructive imagination. In short, the writer would have to be himself a man of science, an inventor, and something of a poet. The late Mr. Babbage could probably have done the thing, if the fancy had taken him, as well as any one. The difficulty of the task may be estimated by looking back and considering how very few successful prophecies of the kind there have been. Erasmus Darwin's well-known address to "unconquered steam" is probably the best example, and it really deserves much credit, for we must remember that when he wrote the application of steam to locomotion was not yet seriously thought of. We cannot say that we think Mr. Hay's imaginary discoveries good of their kind. For the most part they are neither entertaining nor plausible. It shows a certain poverty of scientific imagination to think of nothing but new forces, nor are those introduced in this book, as a rule, even admissible. Before calling in a new force to keep the planets in their orbits, Mr. Hay should have consulted some one who had mastered the elementary parts of Newton's *Principia*. Probably Mr. Hay has heard of Newton, and likely enough he knows as much about him as most people who are not mathematicians are expected to know. But writers who indulge in prophetic visions on the progress of physical astronomy should contrive to know a little more. In like manner it is evident that Mr. Hay's notions of heat, electricity, and the doctrine of energy are of a very loose and confused kind. If it should seem pedantic to criticize want of scientific probability in such a work, we reply that the author is not bound to go into details at all; but, if he does, the whole merit consists in their being plausible. We must add that another quality rather important in fanciful writing is almost altogether absent from Mr. Hay's—we mean humour. The only trace of it we can find is that the professors of the twenty-second century go on, after all these tremendous revolutions in politics and science, quoting familiar tags of the Latin poets just like their nineteenth-century ancestors. This is hardly all

(1) *Three Hundred Years Hence*; or, *a Voice from Posterity*. By William Delisle Hay. London: Newman & Co. 1881.

enough to season a whole Utopia. We forgot to mention that England is extinguished as a political power at a very early stage in the story. This is in accordance with what we have observed to be the usual practice of fantastical writers in this kind, whether they pretend to be seriously interpreting prophecies or only diverting themselves with an exercise of speculation. Almost always they begin with ruining their own country, thinking this, we suppose, the best way to attract a lively attention.

Mrs. Magnus's *About the Jews since Bible Times* (2) is an entertaining and instructive work. It is curious how little is known of the large Jewish community who live amongst us. Their post-Biblical history, their literature, doctrines, and ceremonials are almost as much a mystery to the general public as the Eleusinian mysteries themselves. Mrs. Magnus has raised the veil from these arcana, and given a very readable and popular account of most things that ought to be known about the chosen people in their later development.

The fanciful title of Mr. Grant Allen's little book (3) may give a hint to the discerning of its real character, but is hardly free from ambiguity. These collected papers are really a series of popular studies in natural history, for the purpose of showing, in a form intelligible by the unlearned, the new light and interest which have been thrown into biology by the ideas of evolution and natural selection. The style is bright and pleasant, and great skill has been exercised in avoiding technicalities. Mr. Grant Allen takes his text in the first object that may come to hand in a country ramble—an insect, a wild flower, a nut, or a snail-shell—and he leads us on, as if in familiar talk, to consider its place in the vast fabric of nature, the history of past changes embodied in its structure, and the countless relations with external things and circumstances that have made it what it is. This is done always with felicity of expression, and generally with a certain sympathy for the creatures described which is even better for the purpose in hand. Mr. Grant Allen is evidently a loving observer of animals and plants from the dog downwards. The bustle of an ant's nest sets him thinking of the ant's brains, and how the world must appear to them as made up of smells rather than of sights, "mainly a world of olfactible things." In the habits of modern sheep the instincts of their mountain-haunting ancestors are traced, and it is pointed out that the exact following of the leader, which in a flock driven through a lane or street seems ludicrous, was an absolutely necessary point of discipline for the wild troop threading a mountain track. Fruits, berries, and nuts give occasion for lively picturings of the struggle of plants against the birds which eat their seeds. The edible kernel surrounds itself with a hard shell, with prickles, with bitter or poisonous matters, with tough fibres, or with various combinations of these. Hence the tribe of nuts, proof, some of them, even against the stone-wielding monkey. Other fruit-bearing plants have found their account in the very opposite plan; they produce a hard indigestible seed, and lay themselves out, so to speak, for inviting birds to swallow it, and ultimately ensure its wider distribution. Hence the soft fruits and berries, in which generally similar results are produced by means which to the botanist's eye are of the most diverse character; thus the structure of the raspberry and the strawberry are botanically quite different. Again, the tadpoles ridding themselves of tails in a pond furnish the theme for a discourse on the earliest vertebrate type. We are almost tempted to call it a moral tale of the idle ascidian and the industrious tadpole; for the ascidian, who in the larva state is little worse than a tadpole, develops the wrong way as he grows up, and illustrates the sad truth that evolution is not necessarily progress by becoming "a mere sedentary swallower of passing morsels," "a sack fixed to a stone." The relation between the colours of flowers and their fertilization by insects is naturally not omitted by a writer who has already chosen the colour-sense in animals as the subject of a more methodical and serious work; and Mr. Grant Allen's readers will here find such an amount of ingenious illustration and suggestion as will tempt them to exclaim that here, if anywhere, are the poetry and romance of natural history. We need hardly say that Mr. Grant Allen's point of view is thoroughly Darwinian—perhaps more than Darwinian, for there is a buoyant confidence in his manner, and a fertility of conjecture in his illustrations, which are not altogether after the pattern of Mr. Darwin's own work. But the anxious accuracy of the inquirer working for permanent results is hardly to be expected in the meditations or soliloquies begotten of walks over country fields and downs. If Mr. Grant Allen's statements are open to criticism now and then, he still gives in the main an example of the right method and spirit, and will stimulate the reader's desire for knowledge of the right kind. Some of his remarks point to observations of solid value, as where he says that the reason why people used not to find so-called "missing links" was that they looked and cared for nothing but "typical specimens" of the genera and species described in books, and when they found aberrant individuals among snail-shells, for instance, threw them away. If these aberrant types are preserved it is quite possible, Mr. Grant Allen testifies from his own experience, to bridge over the gaps between distinct species. On the whole, any one who knows natural selection in the general as a theory, but has not realized its varied applications in the most familiar facts of animal and vegetable life, can hardly find a better aid to his imagination than

Mr. Grant Allen's volume; and to those who already have any taste for natural history in the concrete it may safely be recommended as a welcome holiday companion.

The second edition of Mr. Eastwick's *Handbook to Bombay* (4) has been not only revised, but to a great extent rewritten, by its author on the spot. "All the most important places in the Bombay Presidency have been recently visited by the author, and in particular the province of Káthiawád, which is very difficult of access at present to the ordinary traveller, has been thoroughly examined." The first few pages of the book contain some most valuable hints as to dress, outfit, &c. Certainly no one could guess, by the light of nature, that "at the Marble Rocks, Elúra, Ajanta, and the Nilgiris," the attacks of bees are likely to be so dangerous that it is prudent to wear long Titianesque gauntlets and a veil, if not a wire mask; or that those who wish to shoot on the west coast should have gaiters steeped in tobacco juice to keep off leeches.

It is difficult, and it is perhaps unnecessary, to determine which is the better and more amusing of Mr. Burnand's two lately-republished parodies on novelists (5). *Chikkin Hazard* is the older friend, and contains wilder fun; but *Gone Wrong* is equally admirable as a parody, especially in the quieter passages, and has a more serious vein of certainly not undeserved satire, which is not found in the other volumes. We cannot resist quoting one favourite passage from *Chikkin Hazard*, in which Nutt looks about on the desert island for a substitute for wine:—

After a few minutes' search he came back, radiant with smiles, and bearing in his hand a flowering shrub of a most peculiar description. Its roots grew out above ground, deriving apparently its life from the various suckers which shot themselves out into the air, while its leaves and branches had spread and flourished underneath the earth, affording shelter to a variety of insects of a genus between avis and scamteaus. "This will serve us, Miss Marchmont," Nutt said, "for, at all events, one sort of beverage for this evening. From it I shall distil a sweet and potent spirit, dear to sailors on board ship. It is at once invigorating, supporting, and refreshing." "Do sailors grow it in Benicia or England?" inquired Grace. "I am not aware," he answered, "that the plant itself has been much cultivated in either place, though the taste for the liquor obtains in most of our northern civilized countries. The beverage so decocted is entitled rum." "How strange!" exclaimed Miss Marchmont, as she examined the stem and leaves of Nutt's prize; "how little do we know of nature's provisions! What an extraordinary sample of vegetation!" "Yes," answered Nutt, "you have now seen the—'RUM SHRUB.'"

Just before this is Nutt's answer to Grace, which is the exact image of Mr. Reade's quasi-scientific method. "'Then,' said Grace, 'it is not impossible to set a river on fire?' 'By no means,' answered Nutt, 'provided the water will burn. But there are many contingencies which might prevent an inexperienced hand from attaining its object.'"

Lovers, and it is to be hoped they are many, of *The Original*, will welcome Mr. "Felix Summerly's" daintily got up and printed edition of *The Art of Dining* (6). There is a judicious preface, and in an appendix a reprinted letter by the editor, which contains the soundest advice as to the reformation of public dinners. It must, we fear, be wished rather than hoped that the advice will be speedily taken.

Fin-Bec is already well known as an authority on gastronomic matters, and the object of his present brightly-written volume (7) is a capital one, as may be judged from the "explanatory" statement prefixed to the book:—

He who has seen humble and sagacious people living comfortably on materials that represent something very close upon starvation to an English poor family; and who has made the dismal contrast his study, in the hope that he might presently observe upon it with profit to many thousands in these dear times; now submits some of the lighter parts of his labours to all who have a desire to know the Thrift that secures Plenty in the end, and, knowing it, to impart it to their neighbours who hunger through ignorance rather than through poverty.

Mr. Lukin (8) has undertaken an excellent piece of work in giving clear instructions for "the home construction of simple wooden toys, and of others that are moved or driven by weights, clock-work, steam, electricity, &c." It is only to be hoped that his younger pupils will not hurt themselves much in their lessons. The little book has an object beyond its immediately apparent one. "It is not," Mr. Lukin says, "for the sake of the toys themselves, but to promote the practice of carpentry, that I determined to write this book. I want the manufacture of the toy to lead up to that of the real article, be it barrow, cart, roller, or the articles of furniture of a doll's house." We shall look with interest for the completion of the work.

Lady Lamb's *Christmas Days at Maythorpe* (9) is a capital little story, the nature and calibre of which are perhaps sufficiently indicated by its title. Young readers who become acquainted with "Grannie and her bairns" will certainly hope that the hint of the author, contained in the last words of the volume, as to the reappearance of her personages may be acted upon.

(4) *Handbook of the Bombay Presidency*. Second Edition. London: John Murray.

(5) *Our Novel Shilling Series—Gone Wrong*. By Miss Rhody Dendron. *Chikkin Hazard*. By Charles Readit and Dion Bounceycore. By F. C. Burnand.

(6) *Aristology; or, the Art of Dining*. By Thomas Walker, M.A. With Preface and Notes by Felix Summerly. London: Bell & Sons.

(7) *The Cupboard Papers*. By Fin-Bec. London: Chatto & Windus.

(8) *Toys and Toy-making*. By James Lukin, B.A., Author of "Turning for Amateurs," &c. Part I. Simple Wooden Toys. London: "Bazaar" Office.

(9) *Christmas Days at Maythorpe*. By Lady Lamb. London: Newman & Co.

(2) *About the Jews since Bible Times*. By Mrs. Magnus. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(3) *The Evolutionist at Large*. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

Mr. Snape's Reminiscences (10) are more amusing than might be thought from their title. His recollections of De Bush are both curious and instructive, and his chapter on the management of nervous patients and children seems very sensible.

Mr. Woodburne has produced an interesting little volume (11), dealing with the growth, from 1803, of the Volunteer movement in England down to the present date. He ends his work with the appropriate quotation from Pitt:—

I was formerly, and still am, of opinion that to a regular army alone, however superior, however excellent—that to the regular army alone, even aided by the Militia, we ought not solely to trust . . . we ought to superadd to the regular army some permanent system of national defence either to a certain degree compulsory, or formed upon the voluntary zeal and patriotism of the country itself.

Two volumes of pleasant gossip reminiscences of people and things theatrical, by the late Lord William Lennox (12), have been published. The author's early recollections reach back to George Frederick Cooke, with whom he describes a meeting at Chichester when the actor was playing Shylock. In the trial scene the knife slipped and cut his hand severely (how a sharp knife came to be used we are not told), and while the wound was being dressed Lord William made his way into the actor's dressing-room. "The most prominent features of his countenance were a broad, long, hooked nose; dark eyes, full of fire and expression; a strongly-marked and flexible brow; a high forehead; a mouth capable of delineating the worst passions of our nature." His manner "was polished and refined until maddened with the invincible spirit of wine"; and the conversation which followed the introduction is a very amusing instance of some of his prominent characteristics. Later on we have a very enthusiastic description of the talents of the famous Master Betty, whose face, "when roused and livid with passion, was wonderfully expressive," while his smile was "irresistible," and "every action graceful and appropriate." His discrimination of various and contending passions was of the nicest kind, and "of the business of the stage he was a perfect master." The book is one which may be safely taken up at random, with a fair prospect of lighting upon something amusing.

We cannot, for the present at least, do more than note the appearance in *The Great Musicians* series (13) of Sir Julius Benedict's *Weber* and Mr. Frost's *Schubert*.

A fourth edition, the first volume of which has appeared, of *Conington's Virgil* (14) has been undertaken by Mr. Nettleship.

(10) *Reminiscences of a Dental Surgeon*. By Joseph Snape, L.D.S., late Dental Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, &c. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Liverpool: Howell.

(11) *The Story of Our Volunteers*. By G. B. L. Woodburne, B.A. London: Newman & Co.

(12) *Plays, Players, and Playhouses, at Home and Abroad*. By Lord William Pitt Lennox. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

(13) *The Great Musicians*.—*Schubert*. By H. F. Frost. *Weber*. By Sir Julius Benedict. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(14) *Bibliotheca Classica*.—*Conington's Virgil*.—Fourth Edition. Revised, &c., by Henry Nettleship, M.A. Vol. I. London: Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane; Bell, York Street.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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BRIGHTON COLLEGE.—The office of PRINCIPAL will become VACANT at the end of the present Term. The Council are prepared to receive applications from Gentlemen desirous of the appointment. Candidates must be Clergymen of the Church of England, in Priest's orders, of the degree of Master of Arts at least of one of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. Every information may be obtained of the SECRETARY, the College, Brighton, to whom Testimonials must be sent on or before Thursday, June 9.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, February 1881.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £90 to £15 a year, besides a certain number of FREE ADMISSIONS, will be competed for in June next. These Scholarships are open to members of the School and others without distinction; two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from Twelve to Sixteen. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELWICK, the College, Marlborough. A New Edition of the COLLEGE REGISTER is now ready, to be had of Mr. SELWICK, post free, 5s. 6d.

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